The SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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TAKE MY HAND.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.
BY ELLA WHEELER.

I am walking in the darkness;
All around me is the night;
I am groping in the shadows,
And I cannot see the light.
Every sunbeam has departed;
There is gloom o'er all the land;
I am fainting by the wayside—
Heavenly Father, take my hand!

Oh the paths are rough and thorny,
That my weary feet have trod;
I am bleeding—I am dying—
Take me by the hand, O God!
Let my gloomy way be lighted
By the glory of Thy face;
And Thy broad and mighty bosom,
Let it be my resting place.

Through this awful night of sorrow,
Father, let me hear Thy voice!
Teach me how to sing in anguish,
How to suffer and rejoice.
Take me by the hand and guide me,
Lead me in the better way,
Through this vale of storm and tempest,
To the land of perfect day.

CUT ADRIFT:*

OR,

The Tide of Fate.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
BY AMANDA M. DOUGLAS,
AUTHOR OF "SYDNIE ADRIANCE," &c.

CHAPTER VII.

DORA.

When Dora Tremaine left her husband's home, less than a week before, she dropped the strange note she had received in her card-case for safe keeping, and amused herself with the possible suggestions her husband might make. They would go together of course, and solve the mystery, which could not be anything remarkable.

And yet a strange misgiving stole over Dora. What if some old ghost of the past, a past Ralph Tremaine knew nothing of, should rise there and confront her? Why had she not confessed as soon as she knew that the secret had been kept from him! And then she remembered the hundred little events that had seemed to delay the confidence until now. He must be told. Latterly it had grown into a positive burthen, and there had been hours when she hated the very thought of it. If she could only blot it out and take up her life where it had commenced with her uncle Gilbert, feeling quite free as most girls of her age.

She was at her journey's end presently, and left the car in a lingering fashion, as if some dreaded phantom lurked on the outside. If she could once feel safe in Ralph's presence, and have his honest, kindly eyes smiling upon her, clasp his hand, and assure herself that his great generous heart could forgive that girlish mistake, no sin in itself, but only in the fatal secrecy that had surrounded it.

She was the last one to step from the car. Most of the passengers were at the upper end of the platform already. Here and there a solitary, detached figure; one, not far from her, who took a step and stood directly before her. Dora glanced up.

"Mrs. Tremaine, I believe," the person said.

That face and that voice! Could the dead rise from their graves in the ocean!

Dora Tremaine's head swam round in vague terror. The street and the throngs of human beings looked infinitesimal. Yet she did not faint or shriek. Jasper Cameron was prepared for either emergency.

"I think you remember me!"

There was something peculiar in the man's voice, a kind of latent power which seemed to deprive her of the strength necessary to war against him.

"God help me!" she moaned. "I thought you dead years ago!"

"So I supposed. You see I give you the credit of not desiring to commit intentional bigamy."

Her face, that had been deathly white before, flushed deeply, and her frame trembled violently.

"I had news of your death," she returned, rallying her strength.

"News of the wreck, you mean," he corrected with a kind of offensive politeness.

"And through all these years you have preserved silence! Oh, Jasper! why? why?"

"I thought your love would be as true and changeless as mine."

Something in his expression chilled the very blood in her veins. *Did* he still love her? Oh Heavens!

"I have married, as you know, for you called me by my name. That I believed you dead, you can scarcely doubt. And now—"

"We cannot discuss the subject fairly here;" and he glanced suspiciously around. "I am entirely at your service in any place that you prefer. Mr. Colby's office was mentioned in your note—" and his dark eyes scanned her face narrowly as, making a bold stroke, he added—"or your present husband's place of business, if you would feel more at home there."

She thrust out her hands as if to grasp at some support. Go to Ralph Tremaine with this man, whom she feared as much as she hated, and being bound soul and body as it were, in his presence, rendered unable to justify herself or make one tender appeal, her cause she felt would be lost. She knew how very just and upright Mr. Tremaine was, and this tale of deception would shock him so at the first moment.

"This Mr. Colby?—"

Her voice faltered and stopped. Oh! if she only knew what to do in this horrible strait!

Mr. Cameron had learned or suspected one thing for which he had hardly dared to hope. It was evident that Dora had kept her first marriage a secret from Mr. Tremaine. She could not have played a better card for him.

"Mr. Colby is a warm personal friend of mine, a lawyer. I went to him for advice immediately. Of course, the law is all on my side."

He uttered this with a peculiar smile. Every moment the man's power seemed to grow upon her. She shivered with terror and indignation.

"The law may be," she said, "but right and justice are not. To stay away for years is as much of a deception as if you had sworn to a deliberate falsehood. You knew that I must have heard of your death!"

"Hush," he said, more gently, "or we shall have an interested audience. If you prefer talking to me alone, before you see any one, let us seek some secluded place. Perhaps it would be as well to understand one another."

Almost unconsciously she took a few steps beside him, down the platform.

"It is a pleasant day," he said, "and in a few moments we can drive up to the Park. Rambling around there we shall feel quite free from observation, and can discuss these points more at length. I assure you that I do not intend to spoil my cause by violence or any underhand trickery."

He looked so honorable as he uttered this that for a moment her doubts and fears were quieted. It was better to walk there, where she could summon assistance if any were needed, than to go to a lawyer's office, of whom she knew nothing. And after she understood his designs, she could the better prepare a defence.

Since early morn Jasper Cameron had been concocting plans in his mind, and laid them so adroitly that if one failed he could take up another without being at all disconcerted. Little did Mrs. Tremaine suppose that this particular hackman, sitting so indifferently upon his box, was but following orders. She did not see the two exchange glances.

"This is about as fair a specimen as any," Cameron said, giving it a hasty glance. "Never mind, driver," as the man offered to dismount. "To the Park, immediately."

Jasper Cameron made a pretence of assisting Mrs. Tremaine, but she passed by his proffered hand with lofty scorn. And when the door was shut a great agony of terror fell upon her. The stories she had heard of persons being entrapped into private mad houses rushed over her, and then she smiled fearlessly. With this open window between her and the world, there would be assistance within call.

It did not make much difference to Cameron what Mrs. Tremaine did after the conversation he proposed to have with her. So far fortune had favored him. He had intercepted the plans of that rascal Colby, as he termed him, and here was Dora, ready to listen to him first. He came out pretty generally on the winning side.

Mrs. Tremaine watched him with trembling anxiety. Happily the ride was short. They paused at one of the entrances, and the driver sprang down.

Jasper Cameron thrust a card in his hand beside the bank note. It contained instructions for him to be at the same point in about an hour, and wait in the vicinity. His services might be needed, or possibly not, the pay would be the same in either case.

There were a few loungers about, and in the distance a number of vehicles driving slowly. There was a fine breeze, and the heat was not intense, so they sauntered slowly down the walk. Not a word had been exchanged during their drive. Indeed, Dora's brain seemed in a helpless whirl. At one moment Cameron's sudden appearance was too monstrous for belief, but she had only to look and recognize him. Except that he had grown older, they might have parted yesterday for any change in him. And he had assured himself thoroughly of Dora Tremaine's identity, so that when the moment came he might be prepared.

"Well," he said at length, turning into a narrow, shaded path, "we can talk quite at our ease. Of course you must know that I am most anxious for some expression of your feelings towards me."

She turned suddenly, her face aflush, her eyes dilated and sparkling, and in a deep, steady voice she said—

"If you will have it, the truth is best. Jasper Cameron, I hate you with every pulse and fibre of my nature, from the strongest to the weakest! If I were free to-day and you came back with a princely fortune, neither it, nor you, would tempt me. But I belong to another. Nothing can ever tear that love out of my soul. You may subject me to a bitter, agonizing trial, but I tell you in the beginning that you can never create a spark of tenderness or pity within me. If you are wise, or have any remnant of manhood left, you will let me go my way."

She stood there in such a glow of beauty and dignity that Cameron was strangely moved. For a moment he felt inclined to make a desperate fight for supremacy. Once he had roused all her girlish love, but he had a dim misgiving that the girl and the woman were quite different. In that old time of youth he had not been altogether wise. He realized it now.

"Remember that *I* am still your husband;" and there was a lingering sound in the voice that chilled Dora to the depths of her soul, a kind of latent power that would not prove a pleasant subject of contemplation. "Let me make out my case. You loved me then. You were ready enough to marry me."

She interrupted him with an indignant gesture—

"Stop!" she exclaimed vehemently.—"You remember how you persuaded and entreated. It was an act of girlish madness. In those days you possessed a curious authority over me, but I consented only after long and urgent entreaty. I wanted to wait until you returned, you know that!"

"I will admit that a spasm of fear swayed you a trifle, but your love for me finally overcame it, and you married me. This fact is all that is necessary in law. I used no force, no trickery, and you were earnest enough that our marriage should be kept secret. There were two certificates given, and one is still in my possession. All this can be easily proved. I went away, expecting to be gone two or three years, and was wrecked, barely escaping with my life. As soon as I could I wrote, and though I never received any answer, I repeated my letters at intervals."

"I THINK YOU REMEMBER ME!"

"Jasper Cameron, I do not believe it," she said with indignant sincerity.

"As you like." There was a smile on his cruel face and a sneer in his voice. "I dare say an enlightened jury might not be so hard to convince, since it is evidently to your interest to admit as little as possible. After awhile I begin to think you dead, and spend years in rambling about the world, but at length the old love returns strong upon me, and I long for some tidings of my wife, whether she is alive or dead. I came back to find the simple, undeveloped girl a lovely woman. I take glimpses of her by stealth, knowing that another is in the place I covet, my place, indeed. When I can no longer endure my anguish in secret, I take advice of a legal friend and find that my claim still holds good. I who have loved for years, been true in the face of many temptations, have a right to this woman, my wife, that no man and no law dare question!"

His melo-dramatic air might have imposed upon some as the depth of passionate anguish, but Dora it simply disgusted. And yet each moment she seemed to grow more fearful of him. Still she faced him bravely, saying—

"Jasper Cameron, I hate you!"

"You are my wife nevertheless," and there was an expression in his eyes that for the moment made her cower.

"I am the true and loyal wife of Ralph Tremaine. If we lived in the days of the inquisition you might tear me limb from limb, and you would not so much as gain a clasp of the hand, or a smile from tortured lips."

And standing there in her womanly pride she made a gesture with her dainty foot as if she would have crushed him like a worm.

"If Ralph Tremaine chooses to live with a woman whose husband is still alive, and if she prefers the dishonorable connection, I suppose the injured one must endure. And I *shall* endure. Probably my patience will outlast yours, as it has before. So I give you fair warning, my lady! You shall not be Ralph Tremaine's legal wife while I live, if there is any law or any power in the land to prevent. Five minutes ago you might have made a friend of me, now we are enemies to the last, and you will find that my threats are no idle words."

"Enemies!" she repeated. "It is best so, for I should stand in deadly terror of your smile. We will have open warfare that each may know what to expect."

He laughed, low, cool, and tantalizing. How little she was to know of his motives at present!

"Very well. You have made your election. The law gives me the best right, I believe, but I will not enforce my claim rigorously. I simply demand that for the sake of your own respectability you refrain from living with Mr. Tremaine openly, until some plan has been agreed upon. Or if you prefer we will go at once to him. He will have to know it sooner or later."

Nothing could have been further from Jasper Cameron's real intentions. If Dora *had* dared the step, but in her cruel strait she knew not whither to turn. And most of all she desired to see Ralph alone, first. If he could hear her story, if he could know how truly and fervently she loved him! Ah if she could but have the morning back again!

"You have kept your secret well," Jasper Cameron said sneeringly. "I doubt if a man so clear headed as Ralph Tremaine would have married a woman when he knew there was a possibility of a former husband being still alive."

Dora blushed a deep and painful crimson.

"It was not my fault," she answered in a husky, agitated tone. "The person with whom I entrusted the explanation, did not tell all. I did not learn this until after I had married Mr. Tremaine."

"A wise friend, truly, though the result has proved disastrous. I suppose a man *would* like as good a title deed to a wife as to any other property, and he or she probably thought it would interfere with your chances of matrimony."

She could have killed him for that sneer. And then the thought rushed over her mind—would Mr. Tremaine have married her? Uncle Gilbert must have had some fear, or he would have told the simple truth, which was in no wise disgraceful. Still, she would not have cared then; now she had learned to love, to long for a husband's tenderness.

They had been walking slowly onward in the pause, now she turned suddenly.

"Jasper," she began, half wondering how the old name would sound, "there is something behind all this. You cannot have so completely forgotten me for years, and then in a moment wakened to affectionate remembrance. It is *not* love. I doubt if you deceive yourself, me you cannot deceive. I have grown wiser than in those childish days. If you have been unfortunate in any respect—if you are in need of money, I can and will assist you: I have some thousands at my own disposal. If you will take this and go—"

Her voice trembled in spite of the efforts she made to steady it, and there was a strained, painful apprehension in every line of her face.

"Thank you, Mrs. Tremaine, but I am in no pressing need of money that I should become your pensioner in such a fashion. Besides, I should have some scruples of conscience. Either you are Mr. Tremaine's wife or mine—if the law awards you to him, you surely need not buy me off; and if you are mine, something of more account than gold must extinguish the claim."

He rested the tips of his fingers in his pockets with a jaunty air that was half swagger, and yet through all his indifference she saw the determination. A hard, implacable enemy! She blushed that he should have suspected her of wishing to buy his absence, much as she desired it.

On they walked in the silence. Over head drifted wonderful islands through a sea of peerless blue, birds sung in the branches beside them, and bland airs laden with fragrance wandered up and down in viewless hosts. And she so unutterably wretched, so cut off from hope, turn whither she would. For with every breath she felt the web closing round her.

"Dora," he said, presently, "will you listen to reason?"

"I will listen," she answered, moodily.

"We are husband and wife—any good authority, be he lawyer or judge, will tell you so. I have done nothing to break my compact, and in the estimation of the world I am the injured party. But I know it was a mistake on your part, and I am willing to forgive fully and freely. Since *you* cannot have liberty, let us both consent to forget the past. Let us renew our vows, and endeavor henceforward to make each other happy. It shall be my earnest study—for, Dora, disbelieve and scorn as you will, I love you truly, earnestly. My soul cannot brook the thought of your being another's."

This appeal touched her much more deeply than his former one, and yet it angered her as well. Did he think she could change allegiance at a moment's notice? Was that all the sacredness a woman's regard possessed?

"No," she replied. "Jasper Cameron, do not cheat yourself with any false hopes. I suppose if we had gone on in those old times, your fascination would have been sufficiently strong to hold me captive, perhaps to make me love, eventually; but it *did* die out. Remember that I do not call it love, and will not have fidelity measured by it. You took no pains to assure me that you were alive. I might have been friendless and in want, died of starvation—what would it have mattered to you? Another has taught me by slow degrees, the sweetest lesson that a woman can learn—faith and hope blended in truest affection. I have come to the one passion of my life. You can make me suffer through it, but I shall never, never give it up. If I never saw Ralph Tremaine again, I should hold myself his wife until death parted us, in spite of any jurisdiction the law might have. No, you know nothing about women's hearts;" and her face lighted up with a grand, proud smile.

"And I, too, love. Pity me, as well as yourself."

He was a good actor in some moods. His eyes softened now, and the tenderest expression she had yet seen lingered about his face. She did not so much wonder that he had won her girlish fancy, but the woman's love was immeasurably above it all, and could not be dethroned.

"I have given you my answer. Of what avail is pity?"

"Then the law must take its course. You will not let me be merciful."

"The truest mercy would be to go away. If you have enough nobleness and generosity for this—?"

"And leave you to *him*? No, I have not. As I said, even if I cannot win you back, you shall never be his, honorably. And now it only remains to decide upon what course we must pursue. The case shall be placed in my friend's hands at once."

She shuddered with shame and terror.

"Oh, she cried, "wait a little. Give me

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but a day in which to think, for I seem so utterly wrecked that not one haven opens its friendly arms."

"Yes, one."

She made a gesture of impatient scorn. She felt that if he had loved her truly, he would measure her sufferings by his own and be merciful. And she was unspeakably thankful that he did not. Fighting against him would be less crowded with anguish.

"Give me a little time," she gasped.

"All that you desire, upon one condition."

"What is that?" and she glanced at him with quick suspicion.

"That I am present at your first interview with Mr. Tremaine."

"No! no!" she exclaimed frantically.

"Very well. Then I feel at liberty to go to him immediately. I am not sure but that it would have been the wisest course to go to him at once, but I thought it fair to seek you first. Whither shall I attend you?"

He had been debating whether it was possible to carry out the remainder of his plan and gain entire personal control over her—for at present he much preferred that she should not see Mr. Tremaine. None knew better than he how moments of grace were wasted by delay, and that the auspicious season once passed, another was difficult to find.

She felt faint and sick, and in casting about for a place of refuge bethought herself of one at hand.

"I have a trusty friend near by—a woman who was my uncle's housekeeper. I will go there for a few hours' rest, and try to decide upon what it is best to do. Of course Mr. Tremaine must be informed."

She uttered the last with dreary pathos. Her face, that had been so brilliant with different phases of feeling and indignation, was growing wan and listless. She turned, and he followed.

"Shall I not call a hack when we reach the gate?" he asked.

"No." Somehow it seemed as if she dared not trust herself with him again. "It is but a step," she added presently.

Amid this throng of people she felt quite secure. All along their way they met with one and another, and he relinquished his scheme with his usual air of gay indifference. Little did she guess the villainy in his heart, though indeed she could think of nothing save her weary steps, and wonder if her strength would last even this short distance.

CHAPTER VIII.

A FATE BETWEEN.

"I shall stop here," Dora Tremaine said, pausing before a cottage, that with a group of indifferent houses stood not far from the river. This one was small and unpretending, but it had a vegetable garden in the most perfect order, quite a contrast to the straggling weeds and irregular shrubbery around. There was a tiny court-yard in front and a bed of old fashioned flowers.

He turned and faced her. "Dora," he said in a deep tone, which was scarcely less than a threat, "for the present I shall depend upon your truth and honor, and leave you quite at liberty as regards your place of abode, so long as it is not Ralph Tremaine's house. The instant you attempt to seek that, I shall invoke the law to protect my rights. I will give you the time you desire for consideration. When shall I call for an answer? To-morrow morning?"

"Yes," she said, her wandering brain scarcely comprehending the answer she made.

He came a step nearer and almost hissed these words in her ear—

"There will be no evading me. You cannot step outside of this door but that you will be watched. Act fairly, and no harm shall befall you."

She made no reply, but touching the lion's head knocker gave a feeble, irregular summons. It seemed to her that she stood there an age; the houses on either side revolving grotesquely, the air growing darker with gray and purple films, and those deep, vengeful eyes staring at her like balls of fire. She uttered a wild, terror-stricken cry, and that was all she remembered.

When Dora Tremaine opened her eyes again, after her long, deathless swoon, she found herself on the familiar chintz-covered sofa—the face bending over her, though wrinkled and browned, was tender, and the eyes, in spite of their questioning alarm, were full of solicitude.

"Oh, Catherine!" she groaned, and nearly lapsed into insensibility again.

"My poor child! Oh, Miss Dora, what has happened?"

In Catherine's excitement, Mrs. Tremaine was a girl again.

"I can't tell you now. Let me rest a little, Catherine. I am so tired. I feel as if I should die! Oh, would any one care, would any one be sorry?"

The eyes wandered about with a wild stare, and yet seemed to cower and shrink from something, and the cold fingers clasped Catherine's arm with frantic force.

"Hush, dear. Lie still. Nothing shall harm you," the woman said, soothingly.

"Don't let him come in! Oh, Catherine! he is out there watching—he said he would. Keep me! hide me!" she shrieked, burying her face in the other's dress.

"Yes—no one shall come. Lie still, poor child. See, I shall bolt the door."

She rose and did this, and came back to Mrs. Tremaine, who now began to shiver with a hard chill. The words she tried to utter died in incoherent fragments upon the ashen lips.

Catherine Dawson was sorely puzzled. The last time she had seen her dear young mistress—for Dora would always be that to her—was on a bright, breezy, March day, when she had driven up with her husband. She had looked so proud and bright, and happy! It had been a rather conscientious question with Catherine, whether Dora's marriage was for the best. The young girl had not loved as the girls of her day, and she had some old-fashioned notions on the subject. But the last doubt had vanished then.

"Miss Dora's a happy wife," she had said to her old husband as they sat by the fireside that evening. "I've always had a little fear about her, but I'm quite at rest now. There's a content and satisfaction shining in her face, that it does one good to see."

"I'm sure Mr. Tremaine's a man in a thousand," Mark Dawson replied, sturdily. "If she couldn't be happy with him, she doesn't deserve any one!"

"It's not that exactly. There's a kind of fitness about people, and sometimes it doesn't come even in a long married life. Miss Dora had some queer streaks, and she wasn't a girl to love easily."

"Love!" Mark Dawson brought it out rather contemptuously.

"Yes, love!" She leaned over in the light of the blazing logs—this was one of his old-fashioned notions. "Mark," she said, "when you first wooed me, I was young and bonny, with shining eyes and hair, and red and white in my face. I don't look like it now that I am old and faded—but hasn't there been something in our lives that outlasted youth and beauty, and makes us as dear to each other as we were then?"

He gave the fire a poke that sent the blaze into hundreds of stars, and with a little tremble in his voice, said—

"Yes, you're right, Katy."

And Catherine Dawson, contrasting the two pictures, shivered with a strange misgiving. Dora was proud and high spirited—what if she had quarreled with her husband? She had no mother or sisters in whom she could confide; and Catherine knew that of old she had not been given to intimate friendships. She looked so helpless as she lay there trembling and moaning, that, whatever might be the cause, the woman pitied her profoundly. But what could she do except to stand over her and watch her? She was all alone in the house.

The chill was a very severe one; but after awhile faint streaks of color began to steal up her temples, and a feverish flush to overspread her cheeks. The dull eyes grew restless and glassy. She still muttered at intervals, but the frantic fear had subsided.

"Mrs. Tremaine?" Catherine exclaimed, kneeling beside her.

She gave a stupid sort of stare, making no other answer.

"Dear Miss Dora, what shall I do? What can I do for you. Send for Mr. Tremaine?"

"Oh!" Dora rose in a confused way. "I don't know whether he would think it right to come if I told him all," she said, in a slow, wandering manner—and a sickening shudder passed over her. "I'm so sleepy, Catherine; and then—*he* is watching outside. Oh, don't leave me for a moment!"

"My dear child, no; but I *must* do something. You are very ill. Mr. Tremaine should be sent for."

"He said—oh, Catherine, I can't tell you! It's such a horrible thing! Mr. Tremaine can't forgive it, and if he could"—she burst into a wild, bitter laugh, and threw up her hands. "Why, Catherine, I'm not his wife at all!"

"You are losing your senses, Miss Dora!" And a shocked expression filled Catherine's face.

"Am I? I had a note somewhere—I don't remember—but if I could show it to you. No, Catherine, I can never, never be anything to him again. Jasper said so. He was so cruel, so cruel! I'm tired, tired! Oh, if I could only die!"

Dora sank back on the pillow exhausted. Catherine bathed her face and chafed the trembling hands. She tried to soothe the strained and excited nerves—and indeed succeeded so well that presently Mrs. Tremaine sank into an uneasy but heavy slumber.

Then Catherine Dawson began to consider what she must do. What *had* happened? Was it indeed a desperate quarrel in which Mr. Tremaine had said she was no wife of his, perhaps, goaded to a moment's desperation. And yet, that seemed so unlike him. Mr. Tremaine was not a man to indulge in angry taunts. She wondered if he knew that Dora had come to her? At all events, if she were going to be ill—and that scarlet fever flush, with the half open eyes presaged it—she must have medical attendance. And just now she needed a husband's love and tenderness. If he came and saw her thus, his heart must melt at sight of her suffering, even if she had been in the wrong.

She rose softly from her seat, and crossing the room opened the large Bible. Several sheets of writing-paper had been laid in it for safe keeping, as it was an article rarely used in their house, save when Mark wrote twice a year to the old country, the land they had left behind in their young life. She tore a sheet in half, looking furtively around, but the sleeper was past a light disturbance.

Catherine Dawson's fingers were stiff with labor, and writing was almost like a lost art to her. She was a long time in thinking what to say, and how to say it; and after all, it was a very simple matter, though the most formidable she had undertaken in many a day. At last it was done, and she read it over slowly.

"Mr. Tremaine—Respected Sir—This is to inform you that your wife, Dora Tremaine, is sick at my house. I think she will need a physician; and I much desire that you would come immediately.

"CATHERINE DAWSON."

After studying it awhile she concluded to add a postscript, which contained these words—"Mrs. Tremaine seems to be in great trouble." Then she folded it, placed it carefully in a large buff envelope, and puzzled for some time over the direction. The number of Mr. Tremaine's store she did not know, but the streets it was between and the side of the street on which it stood were elaborately written. She gave a sigh of relief over the achievement.

There were plenty of neighbor's boys idling about that she could press into the service of postman. She went to the window and saw several playing marbles. With another glance at Dora she stepped to the street door, and gave the group a close scrutiny.

"Jemmy Connor!" she called.

Jemmy looked up, gave the brim of his hat a tug, and the marble at his foot a kick, and ran to the gate.

"Jemmy, will you go down town for me? You can ride there and back in the cars. It's to take a note, and I'll pay you a quarter beside if you do it just right."

"Can't I take Chris?" the boy asked.

"No, I want you to go alone, and be as quick as you can. It is very important. Will you run right away? You can find it, I think."

"I can find anything in this ere town," and the boy gave a grin.

"Well, there's the direction. Give it to Mr. Tremaine if you can see him. And then come back and you shall have your quarter."

She judged it prudent not to pay him first, as the thought of the reward might make him more expeditious.

He gave a parting shout to the boys and rushed away. Mrs. Dawson saw him bounding along to the next street, and then with a little old country superstition thought it best not to watch him out of sight.

Dora was still asleep, but tossing restlessly about and moaning at intervals. Mrs. Dawson had unfastened her dress, but it still seemed so warm and so confining that she began to cast about in her mind if something could not be done to render the poor child more comfortable.

There were three rooms on the lower floor—parlor, kitchen and sleeping-room. Up-stairs two comfortable chambers; and though Mrs. Dawson could have carried Dora up in her strong arms, she was not quite sure that it would be advisable. True, Mark would not be home for a night or two, but her own little nest was rather crowded. Then another thought occurred to her, so she went up-stairs and brought down a low, single cot, and stood it opposite the sofa. Then a mattress and some cool homespun linen sheets, and in a few moments she had a most inviting looking bed arranged.

"Poor thing! She'll feel so much easier when she is undressed and lying there comfortably. She'll never do to be took out of the house this night. Poor, dear child! I wonder what can have happened?"

Then Mrs. Dawson hunted up an old-fashioned cambric gown that she kept laid away for sickness or any sudden emergency. She began carefully and gently to disrobe Dora, who in her wandering slumbers was only conscious of a slight disturbance.

"Child," she said presently, "Miss Dora!" and she tried to rouse her.

The vacant, lustreless eyes opened slowly, then closed again.

"My poor bairn, rise a bit. Lean on me—so;" and Dora obeyed unconsciously. Catherine lifted her into the bed at once.

"Oh," she exclaimed, with a sigh, "don't let him take me! He said he would watch!"

For a moment Catherine's heart misgave her. Suppose Dora should not approve of her message. But what harm could come of it? Surely Mr. Tremaine was not so obdurate that the sight of this suffering face would fail to move him!

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Small Bed-Chambers.

There is reason to believe that more cases of dangerous and fatal diseases are gradually engendered annually by the habit of sleeping in small, unventilated rooms, than have occurred from a cholera atmosphere during any year since it made its appearance in this country. Very many persons sleep in eight by ten rooms, the length and breadth of which multiplied together, and this multiplied again by ten, for the height of the chamber, would make just eight hundred cubic feet, while the cubic feet for each bed, according to the English apportionment for hospitals, is twenty-one hundred feet.

But more—in order to give the air of a room the highest degree of freshness, the French hospitals contract for a complete renewal of the air of the room every hour. And yet there are multitudes in the city of New York who sleep with closed doors and windows, in rooms which do not contain a thousand feet of space, and that thousand feet is to last all night, at least eight hours, except such scanty supplies as may be obtained of any fresh air that may insinuate itself through little crevices by door or window, not an eighth of an inch in thickness. But when it is known that in many cases a man and wife and infant sleep habitually in thousand feet rooms, it is no marvel that multitudes perish prematurely in cities; no wonder that infant children wilt away like flowers without water, and that five thousand of them are to die in the city of New York alone, during the hundred days which shall include the fifteenth of July in every year.

Another fact is suggestive, that among the fifty thousand persons who sleep nightly in the lodging-houses of London, expressly arranged on the improved principles of space and ventilation already referred to, it has been clearly proven that not one single case of fever has been engendered in two years! Let every intelligent reader improve the teachings of this article without an hour's delay.

☞ "My dear," inquired a young wife of her husband, on his return from business, "have you seen the beautiful set of walnut furniture which the Smiths have bought?" "Hem, no, my love, but I have seen the bill, and it quite satisfies me."

☞ When a man has feathered his nest you will generally find that he also plumes himself upon it. How true is it, therefore, that "riches take unto themselves wings."

☞ An English Judge, Baron Alderson, on being asked to give his opinion as to the proper length of a sermon, replied: "Twenty minutes, with a leaning to the side of mercy."

☞ Here is a concise but hopeful love-letter written by a Colorado miner: "Loven yeare is rather long to kort a gal, but ile have yon yit, Cate."

☞ A remarkable case is reported from California. It is stated that a restaurant keeper voluntarily refunded a dollar to a boarder at the end of the week, for the reason, as he said, that "the board furnished was not worth the sum paid."

☞ A farmer in Washington Territory brags of having eaten bread from flour made of wheat sown only four months before.

☞ A pair of poor lovers in Rockford, Me., walking arm-in-arm, fell through a hole in the sidewalk, each breaking a leg. This set them up in the world—a jury awarding a verdict of $12,000 against the town. Town authorities must now be on the watch, or lovers will be breaking their legs in all directions.

☞ A singular instance of the absurdities of charitable bequests is furnished in London, where some hundred years ago some good old soul left a house and garden in the city as a perpetual maintenance for three poor women and a cat. The property is now worth £40,000 a year. Three poor women and their cat—friends of the trustees—are maintained; and the rest of the income, £30,650 per annum is expended in salaries on uncles, aunts, cousins, appointed as secretaries, treasurers, chaplains, visitors, etc., who see to the proper distribution of alms, catechise the old women, and stroke the cat.

☞ TO REMOVE FRECKLES.—Cosmetics sold for this purpose are often dangerous. The best plan is to make a lotion of a teacupful of sour milk and a small quantity of scraped horse-radish; let this stand from six to twelve hours, then use it to wash the parts affected twice or thrice a day.

☞ Miss Susan B. Anthony is said to be in favor of women riding astride on velocipedes.

☞ There are eight million acres of unoccupied land in the state of Maine.

☞ A romantic couple recently got married at Green Bay, Wisconsin, and started on their bridal tour on a hand-sled.

☞ A writer says that "Napoleon lost Waterloo because he was sleepy." We always thought that it was Wellington who took a "little nap" about that time.

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, MARCH 13, 1869.

TERMS.

The terms of THE POST are the same as those of that well known magazine, THE LADY'S FRIEND—in order that the clubs may be made up of the paper and magazine conjointly when so desired—and are as follows:—One copy (and a large Premium Steel Engraving) $2.50; Two copies $4.00; Four copies $6.00; Five copies (and one extra) $8.00; Eight copies (and one gratis) $12.00. One copy of THE POST, and one of THE LADY'S FRIEND, $4.00. Every person getting up a club will receive the Premium Engraving in addition.

Subscribers in the British Provinces must remit twenty cents extra for postage. Papers in a club will be sent to different post-offices if desired. Single numbers sent on receipt of five cents. Contents of Post and of Lady's Friend always entirely different.

In remitting, name at the top of your letter, your Post-office, county, and State. If possible, procure a Post-office order on Philadelphia; or get a draft on Philadelphia or New York, *payable to our order*. If a draft cannot be had, send a check payable to our order on a National Bank; if even this is not procurable, send United States notes. Do not send money by the Express Companies, unless you pay their charges.

SEWING MACHINE Premium. For 30 subscribers at $2.50 apiece—or for 20 subscribers and $60—we will send Grover & Baker's No. 23 Machine, price $55. By remitting the difference of price in cash, any higher priced Machine will be sent. Every subscriber in a Premium List, inasmuch as he pays $2.50, will get the Premium Steel Engraving.

Address

HENRY PETERSON & CO.,
319 Walnut St., Philadelphia.

NOTICE.—Correspondents should always keep copies of any manuscripts they may send to us, in order to avoid the possibility of loss; as we cannot be responsible for the safe keeping or return of any manuscript.

BACK NUMBERS.

We can still supply back numbers of THE POST to the first of the year. Additions can be made to clubs beginning at that time, at the club rates, and we will supply the back numbers so long as we have them.

THE COMING YEAR.

We design making THE POST for the coming year superior to what it has ever been.

In the way of new Novelets we are able already to announce:—

Cut Adrift; or, The Tide of Fate.
BY AMANDA M. DOUGLAS.

The Red Court Farm.
By MRS. WOOD, Author of "East Lynne."

A New Novelet
BY GUSTAVE AIMARD, Author of "The Queen of the Savannah."

A New Novelet
BY ELIZABETH PRESCOTT, Author of "St. George and the Dragon."

With OTHER NOVELETS and SHORT STORIES, by a host of able writers.

A copy of either of our large and beautiful steel Engravings—"The Song of Home at Sea," "Washington at Mount Vernon," "One of Life's Happy Hours," or "Everett in His Library"—will be given to every full ($2.50) subscriber, and also to every person sending on a club. Members of a Club, wishing an Engraving, must remit one dollar extra. These engravings, when framed, are beautiful ornaments for the parlor or library. "The Song of Home at Sea," is the new engraving, prepared especially for this year, at a cost for the more engraving alone, of nearly $1,000!

When it is considered that the yearly terms of THE POST are so much lower than those of any other First-class Literary Weekly, we think we deserve an even more liberal support from an appreciative public than we have ever yet received. And our prices to club subscribers are so low, that if the matter is properly explained, very few who desire a literary paper will hesitate to subscribe at once, and thank the getter-up of the club for calling the paper to their notice.

For TERMS see head of editorial column. Sample numbers are sent *gratis* to those desirous of getting up clubs. If any of our readers has a friend who he thinks would like to take the paper, send us the address, and we will send him or her a specimen.

THE GRECIAN BEND.—It seems they had this infliction in the time of the Prophet Isaiah. He says:—

"The daughters of Zion are *haughty*, and walk with *stretched forth necks*, and wanton eyes, *walking and mincing as they go*, and making a tinkling with their feet."

The prophet also speaks of "the tinkling ornaments about their feet, their cauls (hair-nets,) their round tires like the moon, their chains and bracelets and mufflers, the bonnets, and the ornaments of the legs, the head-bands, and tablets, and ear-rings, the rings and *nose-jewels*, the changeable suits of apparel, the mantles, the wimples, the *crisping pins*, the glasses, the fine linen, the hoods, and the vails."

We wonder some lady does not bring up again the fashion of wearing "tinkling ornaments about the feet," and the "nose-rings" mentioned by the Prophet. In all other respects probably our ladies can vie with those of ancient Judah.

☞ A writer says if a quart of strong mullein tea is given a horse affected with bots, it will never fail to effect a cure.

☞ Sir Boyle Roche once said in reference to several persons all related to each other, but who happened to have no descendants, that it seemed to be hereditary in their family to have no children.

☞ The Maine colony at Jaffa is reduced to twenty-five people, who appear to be doing well, though they have endured great hardships. Elder Adams, their leader, has left the country, much to their joy.

☞ The American Presbyterian recommends that culprits condemned to be hung should first have chloroform administered to them, since it is the purpose of punishment to remove the offender out of the way, and not to cause pain. It also suggests that *it be introduced into schools when boys are to be flogged.*

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

LETTERS OF A SENTIMENTAL IDLER—From Greece, Turkey, Egypt, Nubia, and the Holy Land. By HARRY HAREWOOD LEECH. With a portrait of the author, engravings of oriental life, etc., etc. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; and also for sale by Turner Brothers & Co., Philada.

THE POETICAL WORKS OF ALEXANDER POPE. Edited by the Rev. H. F. Cary, M. A. To which is prefixed a biographical notice. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; and also for sale by Turner Brothers & Co., Philada.

WOODSTOCK. A Romance. By SIR WALTER SCOTT, Bart. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; and also for sale by Turner Brothers & Co., Philada.

PHŒNIXIANA; OR, SKETCHES AND BURLESQUES. By JOHN PHŒNIX. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; and also for sale by Turner Brothers & Co., Philada.

HANS BREITMANN'S PARTY. With other Ballads. By CHARLES G. LELAND. New and enlarged edition. Published by T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philada.

COLONEL THORPE'S SCENES IN ARKANSAW. With Illustrations by DARLEY. Published by T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philada.

PRACTICAL FLORICULTURE. A Guide to the successful cultivation of florists' plants, for the amateur and professional florist. By PETER HENDERSON, author of "Gardening for Profit," Bergen City, New Jersey. Illustrated. Published by Orange Judd & Co., New York; and also for sale by J. B. Lippincott & Co., and Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger, Philada.

MADAME DE CHANBLAY. By ALEXANDER DUMAS. Illustrated. Published by Turner Brothers & Co., Philada.

IVY ON EXTERIOR WALLS.

From "The Paper-Hanger's Companion."

The last I have to mention on the subject of damp relates to Ivy on exterior walls of buildings, which may be said to belong more to the consideration of the architect than to my purpose; but as precaution is allowed to be better than cure, I trust it will not be thought irrelevant to notice its effect on internal walls, which is, that if it does not entirely eradicate damp, it may be admitted to be a repellant placed on the exterior. I had my attention drawn to a case of this description, where damp had prevailed for a length of time in the walls of an apartment, but Ivy having grown up to cover the opposite exterior side, the affected parts inside had become dry. The gentleman in whose house I observed the improved change, accounted for it I think with much reason, viz.: that the close overhanging pendent leaves prevented the rain or moisture from penetrating to the wall, contrary to all other trees which are trained for bearing fruit.

Management of Lights.

Nothing is more distressing to those afflicted with weak eyes—and the number is most unfortunately large—than to attend a lecture, concert, or any evening entertainment, and be forced to endure the fierce glare of lights interposed between them and the special object of interest. Pleasure often becomes pain, keen pain, in such circumstances. In many of our churches the arrangement of lights is most unfortunate and injurious; and theatres and concert-halls are often worse. Occasionally an agreeable care is shown in this matter, which is at once appreciated by an audience. At a recent reading by Mr. George Vandenhoff in Tremor's Lyric Hall, the gas behind the platform was turned down before the exercises commenced, and the candles used by the reader were to a good degree shaded from the eyes of the audience. If some such consideration were more general, it would greatly increase the comfort and enjoyment of a large class.

[In the Town Hall at Germantown, one of the chandeliers is placed just above and in front of the speaker's stand—in the very place to give the most exquisite torment to persons having weak eyes. And there is great carelessness shown in the arrangement of the lights in nearly all our public places.—*Ed. Sat. Eve. Post.*]

THE INAUGURATION.—General Grant was duly inaugurated on the 4th inst. The next day his nominations for members of the Cabinet were submitted to the Senate, and unanimously confirmed. They are as follows:—

Secretary of State—Elihu B. Washburne, of Illinois.

Secretary of War—Major-General John M. Schofield.

Secretary of the Navy—Adolph E. Borie, of Philadelphia.

Secretary of the Treasury—A. T. Stewart, of New York.

Secretary of the Interior—Jacob D. Cox, of Ohio.

Postmaster-General—J. A. J. Cresswell, of Maryland.

Attorney-General—Eben Rockwood Hoare, of Massachusetts.

There is said to be a law forbidding, under heavy penalties, any one who is engaged in commerce from acting as Secretary of the Treasury—which law has been overlooked in the case of Mr. Stewart, and which, if he is to hold office, will either have to be repealed, or Mr. Stewart give up his mercantile business.

A MAN'S INDUCEMENTS TO MARRY.—Although enlightened men generally do not stop to think about the reason why they have married, and continue to maintain the family union, if they will look at the subject closely, they will find it a longing for happiness; to build for themselves a home, in the bosom of which they may hide from the deceit, cold-heartedness and ceremony of the world; where nothing but love enters, where there is no strife, no jealousies, heart-burnings, envy or selfishness; nobody to cheat, defame or deceive them, but all is love and unity.—*Dr. Buford.*

☞ A young man in Bradford, England, courting a female weaver, squeezed her hand so hard as to break one of her fingers. The woman sued her gentle lover and recovered five pounds damages.

☞ A backward spring is produced by presenting a red-hot poker to a man's nose.

☞ When do literary ladies change color? When they are so deeply read that they become blue.

☞ NEW EMPLOYMENT.—Good "fighters" receive from twenty to forty dollars per day at White Pine, Nevada, for guarding mining claims against interlopers. "Common" laborers receive only five dollars per day.

Concerning Costly Pearls.

We all know how Julius Cæsar, when he was in love with the mother of Marcus Brutus, gave her a pearl worth nearly a quarter of a million of our money; and how Mark Antony drank one dissolved in vinegar, which cost nearly four millions, while Clodius, the glutton, swallowed one worth forty thousand. The example of Cleopatra found an imitator even in sober England. Sir Thomas Gresham, not otherwise famous for acts of folly, still so mistook the meaning of loyalty that he ground a pearl, which cost him £10,000, into a cup of wine, in order to thus fitly drink the health of his queen. This plagiarist again had many rivals in the men courtiers of Louis XIV., who in their insane extravagance were wont to pulverize their diamonds, and occasionally used the powder to dry the ink of their letters which they sent to their loved ones. Is diamond powder in the hair much worse?

The largest pearl on record is probably one brought by the most romantic of all travellers and dealers in precious gems, Tavernier, of Catifa, in Arabia, where a pearl fishery existed already in the days of Pliny. It is said—for the pearl is unknown in our day—to have been pear-shaped, perfect in all respects, and nearly three inches long. He obtained from the Shah of Persia the enormous sum of £111,000 for the gem.

Mr. Hope's pearl, which is looked upon as the finest now known, is two inches long and four inches round. It weighs 1,800 grains, and like all such varieties, is of such enormous and uncertain value that no one would buy it at a market price. The most beautiful collection of pearls belongs to the dowager Empress of Russia. Her husband was exceedingly fond of her, and as he shared with other fancies, also that for fine pearls with her, he sought them all over the world. They had to fulfill two conditions rarely to be met with: they must be perfect spheres, and they must be virgin pearls—for he would buy none that had been worn by others. After twenty-five years' search he at last succeeded in presenting his empress with a necklace such as the world had never seen before.

As this admiration for fine pearls has been the common weakness of man in all ages, and in all countries, we need not wonder at their playing a prominent part in religious writings.

The Talmud has a pretty story, teaching us that those who believed in it esteemed but one object in nature of higher value than pearls. When Abraham approached Egypt, the book tells us, he locked Sara in a chest, that none might behold her dangerous beauty. But when he was come to the place of paying custom, the officer said:

"Pay custom!"

And he said—

"I will pay the custom."

They said to him—

"Thou carriest clothes."

And he said—

"I will pay for clothes."

Then they said to him—

"Thou carriest gold."

And he answered them—

"I will pay for gold."

On this they further said—

"Surely thou bearest the finest silks."

He replied—

"I will pay custom for the silks."

Then they said—

"Surely it must be pearls that thou takest with thee."

And he answered only—

"I will pay for pearls."

Seeing that they could name nothing of value for which the patriarch was not willing to pay custom, they said—

"It cannot be; but thou open the box and let us see what is within."

So they opened the box, and the whole land of Egypt was illuminated by the lustre of Sara's beauty—far exceeding even that of pearls.

Hence pearls are repeatedly used in Holy Writ, also for solemn comparisons, and to denote the highest degree of perfection. In the Old Testament wisdom is praised as above pearls, and in the New Testament the Kingdom of Heaven is compared to a pearl of great price, which when a merchant found it he went and sold all that he had and bought it. Even the New Jerusalem was revealed to St. John under the figure of an edifice with twelve doors, each of which was a single pearl.

And this precious gem, fit to adorn an emperor and to heighten the beauty of the fairest of maidens, this pearl of great price, perfect in form and beauteous in lustre—this jewel of the deep sought for at the peril of human life, and paid for with the bread of ten thousands—it sickens and dies and vanishes in a day. Every now and then we hear of a noble family, which prided itself on the possession of magnificent ancestral pearls, panic-stricken by finding some of the precious gems turning of a sickly color, and crumbling into dust. It is but a few years since the Crown Jeweller of France solemnly applied to the Academy of Science for a remedy against this disease, caused probably by the decomposition of the membranes which form part of the pearl, and are, after all, liable to decay and corruption, like all animal matter, by contact with air. There was no answer given, but the advice, to preserve the precious gems as much as possible from the influences of light and air; and the Crown of France has since lost some of its most highly-prized jewels. "Behold all is vanity and vexation of spirit."

☞ A man recently brought a bill of $4 against his brother's estate in San Francisco "for loss of time in attending the funeral."

☞ A whole family was poisoned in Lebanon, Wisconsin, last week, by eating pie made out of canned pie-plant. Most of the family were sick for several days, but finally recovered. Be careful of things put up in tin.

☞ Of all animals, birds only close their eyes in dying—in the last convulsion the eye closes by the uprising of the lower lid.

☞ Why is a nun invariably disappointed with her mode of life? Because it's "no end of a cell."

☞ The Times, after mentioning some of the various improvements which have been proposed in the construction of velocipedes, suggests, as a novelty, one having four wheels, shafts, and a good-size pony to draw the machine!

☞ In Montreal, Canada, the snow has been eight feet deep in the streets. A statement has been published showing that the fall of snow in Canada has at this present time exceed by thirty-eight inches the total fall in any season within the last twenty years.

☞ California's population is only one-fourth female. In Nevada there are eight men to one woman, and the proportion in Colorado is twenty to one.

Brutal Punishment of Girls in Respectable Families in England.

A singular correspondence has been going on for some months in the "*Englishman's Domestic Magazine*," to which wise mothers of families, all over the kingdom, have contributed their views and experiences. We are told how by one, two or three whippings an insubordinate, careless, unsatisfactory girl is transformed into a model of deportment which would have given satisfaction to Mr. Turveydrop himself. These high-born British matrons dwell with zest on the best times and instruments of punishment. One is enthusiastic for a birch rod or cane. Another has tested the merit of a whip "made of soft, pliable leather, cut into long, narrow thongs at one end," which she assures us "will produce intense pain with little or no injury to the person." It is highly recommended that if there are sisters the castigation should be administered in the presence of them all, that mortification may add its smart to the physical ache. The clothing is to be removed for the more thorough performance of this gratifying duty. After it is all over the delinquent is allowed *to kiss the rod*, express her thanks to the castigator, and meekly retire, a changed girl.

These whippings are administered on young ladies between thirteen and twenty years of age. American girls of that age would never get over the disgrace of such brutal punishments, if American mothers could be found among people of even average respectability to inflict them.

THE MARKETS.

FLOUR—The market about the same as last quoted.

GRAIN—The demand for Wheat has fallen off. 30,000 bus of red sold at $1,80@1,90; 5000 bus of No. 1 spring at $1,70@1,75, and 6000 bus of white at $2 @2,20 ₩ bus, according to quality. Rye—5000 bus of Penna and Western sold in lots at $1,55. Corn—50,000 bus of yellow sold at 90@97c ₩ bus. Oats—60,000 bus sold at 74@76c for Western, and 69@72c for Penna and Southern.

PROVISIONS—The market has been quiet. Sales Mess Pork at $33. Bacon—Sales Hams at 18@21c; Sides at 17½@18½c. Green Meats—Sales of 800 tcs pickled Hams at 17½@18c, and Shoulders at 12½@14c. Butter—Sales of prime roll at 35@40c.

COTTON—About 900 bales of Middlings sold at 29@29½ for Uplands, and 29½@30c for New Orleans.

BARK—No 1 Quercitron sells at $60 ₩ ton.

BEESWAX—Sales of yellow at 43c ₩ lb.

HAY—Sales Prime Timothy, ₩ 100 lbs, at $1,65@1,70; Mixed, $1,10@1,15; Inferior, $1@1,05, and Straw, $1,25@1,30.

HOPS—Sales of New York and Western at 12@18c, according to quality.

IRON—Pig Metal; sales of No 1 Anthracite at $42, and No 2 at $40. Scotch Pig sells at $42@43,50 ₩ ton, and Glendon at $37 ₩ ton.

SEEDS—2000 bus Cloverseed sold at $9,50@10, according to quality. Timothy; 400 bus sold at $2,40 @2,50. Flaxseed is selling at $2,60@2,65 ₩ bus.

WOOL—There is very little doing; sales of 30,000 lbs at 52½c for extra; 51c for fine; 50c for one-half blood; 49c for one-quarter blood, 45@47c for common; 60@65c for tub; 22@27c for unwashed, and 45 @48c for pulled, as to quality.

☞ They have had a "Hard Times party" in Wisconsin. The invitations were written on brown paper, and requested the guests to dress in their old clothes. Bean soup, crackers, and dried herrings constituted the refreshments, with "cambric tea" and water to wash them down. The guests walked home.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to about 1500 head. The prices realized from 10@10½ cts ₩ lb. 150 Cows brought from $20 to 60 ₩ head. Sheep—5000 head were disposed of at from 5@8½c ₩ lb. 2200 Hogs sold at from $15,00 to 16,00 ₩ 100 lbs.

☞ Co-operation in Ithaca, New York, so far as selling groceries is concerned, has not proved a success. The co-operative grocery store has been running some thirteen months, has lost over one-tenth of its capital, and has been sold out to private individuals.

A Remarkable Case.

EAST MIDDLEBORO', MASS., June 9, 1861.

MESSRS. BURNETT & CO.:

I send you a statement of my daughter's case, as requested. She will have been sick six years, if she lives until the 1st of August next.

When her hair came off she had been afflicted with neuralgia in her head for three years. She had used, during that time, many powerful applications. These, with the intense heat caused by the pains, burned her hair so badly, that, in October, 1861, it all came off, and for two years after her head was as smooth as her face.

Through the recommendation of a friend, she was induced to try your COCOAINE, and the result was astonishing. She had not used half the contents of a bottle before her head was covered with a fine young hair. It would grow about an eighth of an inch in length, and then come off. It continued to do so at intervals for four months, when we discovered an irritation of the scalp.

We procured a bottle of your KALLISTON, applying it with a *soft muslin cloth*, still persevering with the Cocoaine, applying that with the hand, and they had the desired effect. In four months the hair has grown several inches in length, very thick, soft, and fine, and of a darker color than formerly.

She still continues to use the Cocoaine, and we have but little fear of her losing her hair.

With respect,
WM. S. EDDY.
East Middleboro', Mass.

☞ GOOD CUSTOMERS.—A St. Louis Justice of the Peace married a man and woman in 1858, procured for them a divorce in 1860, and in 1861 married the woman to another husband, and in 1862 furnished the man another wife. Last week the two presented themselves at his office to renew the bonds of ten years ago, and he married them.

Dr. Radway's Pills (Coated) Are Infallible as a Purgative and Purifier of the Blood.

BILE.

Bile in the Stomach can be suddenly eliminated by one dose of the Pills—say from four to six in number. When the Liver is in a torpid state, when species of acrid matter from the blood or a serous fault should be overcome, nothing can be better than Radway's Regulating Pills. They give no unpleasant or unexpected shock to any portion of the system; they purge easily, are mild in operation, and, when taken, are perfectly tasteless, being elegantly coated with gum. They contain nothing but purely vegetable properties, and are considered by high authority the best and finest purgative known. They are recommended for the cure of all disorders of the Stomach, Liver, Kidneys, Nervous Diseases, Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Biliousness, Bilious Fever, Inflammation of the Bowels, Piles, and symptoms resulting from Disorders of the Digestive Organs. Price, 25 cts. per box. Sold by Druggists.

mar16-cow-tf

☞ Rev. Dr. Deems, pastor of the "Church of the Strangers" in this city, in writing to one of the religious papers, tells of a distinguished Southern lawyer who said that, to see the author of the lyric beginning, "One sweetly solemn thought comes to me o'er and o'er," he would "pull off his boots and walk a mile through the snow." All readers of devotional poetry know this poem to be by Miss Phœbe Cary.

Spit, Spit; Hawk, Hawk.

Why don't you use Wolcott's ANNIHILATOR—pint bottles $1—and get rid of Catarrh? 'Tis sold by all druggists. mar13-3t

The Envelope Business.

Few persons are aware of the various results which have been consequent upon the introduction into extensive use of letter envelopes. Tons of paper and barrels of mucilage are used every month in the manufacture of the different kinds of envelopes. In New York four firms are extensively engaged in the business, and many others do something at it in a small way. The number of envelopes turned out weekly is not far from four millions. The gum used is a preparation of starch called *dextrine*, the value of which for sealing and stiffening purposes was accidentally discovered in England some time since. During the conflagration of a large flour warehouse, a cotton spinner worked at carrying water and rolling out the partially charred flour. In the morning he found his clothes irremediably stiffened and glued together.

On investigation, he ascertained that the scorched flour would form, with water, a glutinous matter much more adhesive than any known gum. Subsequent experiments revealed the fact that this preparation was better than gum arabic for stiffening cotton goods, and the discoverer kept his secret and made money out of the manufacture of "British gum" for cotton dresses. But his success was his ruin; he became a profligate, his secret was discovered, and *dextrine* came into notice. It is now used for all purposes where a cheap mucilage is required. For dressing cotton goods, for preparing the backs of postage stamps, the edges of envelopes, manufacturers' labels, &c., it is found to be unrivalled. It has nearly ruined the gum arabic trade, as well as that in sealing wax and wafers.

A Malarious Month.

March, that gives us a new President, is also the inaugural month of many harrassing disorders. Entangled in its fogs are the seeds of coughs, colds, and of that alternation of frigidity and fire, more widely known than admired, called fever and ague. The only way to avoid these "little unpleasantnesses," is to render the system strong enough to fight off the atmospheric poison that produces them, and the best way to endow it with this repellant power is to tone it with HOSTETTER'S STOMACH BITTERS.

If a wayfarer were credibly informed that a ruffian was waiting at the next corner, he would doubtless turn in his tracks, and take a safer route to his destination. With just about the same amount of trouble, the attacks of diseases prevalent at this season may be evaded. Nay, the trouble will be less, for drug stores lie in every one's route, and every respectable druggist in the Union keeps on hand HOSTETTER'S BITTERS. The article is a staple of trade, and it would be as easy to find a grocery without sugar, as the store of an apothecary without this popular tonic remedy.

In view of the experience of the nation with regard to the article, during the space of twenty years, it seems almost unnecessary to recapitulate its merits to Americans. But as our population is increasing at the rate of a couple of millions a year, in the natural way and by immigration, it may be as well to hint to the rising generation and new arrivals, (the old settlers know all about it,) that HOSTETTER'S STOMACH BITTERS is the most wholesome and potent vegetable tonic ever manufactured; that it is a specific for debility, dyspepsia, biliousness, and miasmatic fevers; that it prevents, as well as cures, these complaints and their complications; that it is not "bad to take," and is absolutely harmless.

mar6-4t

☞ John Chinaman in California is clear at a bargain. His ideas of the "credit system" are extremely safe, though rather vague. A merchant of unbounded credit in San Francisco recently applied to a Chinese merchant, through his agent, to purchase a cargo of rice on time. The agent duly set forth the opulence, standing, &c., of his principal, to which the Chinaman replied: "Yes, him welly good man. Me trust-ee, him pay me one-half cash-ee, other half when me deliber rice-ee."

HUNT'S COURT TOILET POWDER is superior to any other for whitening the skin. It does not rub off or injure the complexion. No lady should be without this justly celebrated requisite for the toilet. The sale for the last eight years has been unparalleled. Price 50 cents. Sold everywhere. T. W. Evans, Perfumer, 41 South Eighth St., Philadelphia. sep26-1y

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Hunt's Bloom of Roses.

A delicate color for the cheeks or lips, does not wash off, and warranted not to injure the skin, can only be removed with vinegar, and cannot be detected with a microscope. It remains permanent for years, and can in no manner be discovered from the natural flush of health, and excites universal admiration. Price $1. Sent by mail for $1.10. T. W. Evans, Perfumer, 41 South Eighth St., Philadelphia. sep26-1y

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☞ Halleck was so great a favorite with women that one of those charming persons once said: "If I were on my way to church to be married—yes, even if I were walking up the aisle—and Halleck were to offer himself, *I'd leave the man I'd promised to marry and take him*;" which was rather strongly stated, but may have been accurate.

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS.—Foul breath, so nauseous to every one, and the invariable concomitant of a disordered state of the stomach, is easily corrected by a few doses of these cleansing Pills.

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 1st instant, by the Rev. R. W. Hutter, D. D., Mr. WILLIAM J. NICOLL, of Baltimore, Md., to Miss ANNA BARTHOLDT, of this city.

On the 5th of Jan., by the Rev. M. D. Kurtz, Mr. MILTON O'NEAL to Mrs. FRANCES T. BEARDS, both of Trenton, N. J.

On the 19th of Jan., by the Rev. T. B. Miller, Mr. CHARLES FOULK to MARY G. TAYLOR, both of this city.

On the 1st instant, by the Rev. Francis Church, Mr. DAVID O. STEWART to Mrs. JANE WHITE, both of this city.

On the 27th of Jan., by the Rev. J. Spencer Kennard, Mr. JAMES JEFFRIES to Miss MINNIE D. RADLEY, both of this city.

On the 28th of Feb., by the Rev. William T. Eva, Mr. WILLIAM F. BUCHNER to Miss MARY E. BAUER.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 2d instant, PETER A. KEYSER, in his 64th year.

On the 3d instant, JANE, wife of Jos. Cooper, aged 36 years.

On the 3d instant, JOSEPH LAWRENCE, Sr., aged 78 years.

On the 1st instant, WENCEL HARTMAN, Sr., aged 63 years.

On the 1st instant, JAMES FORTESCUE, aged 50 years.

On the 28th of Feb., Miss ELIZABETH LAND, aged 70 years.

On the 28th of Feb., EMMA, wife of Wm. R. Dinmore, aged 70 years.

On the 27th of Feb., MARY R., wife of Jos. Shepherd, aged 53 years.

On the 25th of Feb., Mrs. SALLIE D. THOMPSON, aged 50 years.

Disorders Incident to Spring.

In the spring of the year pill-makers reap rich harvests from the sale of their nostrums. A single dealer has informed us that in a town of 5,000 people, between the first of March and the first of June, he has sold as many as nine hundred boxes of pills. Of course they had been puffed well by almanacs devoted to that purpose. The reason why there is always such a demand for physic in the spring, is because when the warm weather of March and April comes, people keep on eating too much food, more than can be managed by the stomach except during the cold winter weather. The result is, the stomach is overtaxed, the liver and bowels obstructed, the blood deteriorated, and the patient, for want of knowledge, knows no better than to resort to physic. The true method to be observed in such cases is, on the approach of spring, to eat less food, and that of a milder nature. The brown bread should take the place of white, if white is used in the winter. More fruit should be taken. Avoid stale vegetables. If you have not good potatoes, eat none, for poor potatoes are very unwholesome. If you have good potatoes, bake or boil them, and not fry or hash; eat with fresh cream instead of gravy or butter. Use freely of canned fruit, or well kept apples; at least one meal each day should consist largely of fruit. Avoid fat meat, pastry, cakes, rich puddings, and live simply and naturally. Every family should put by for spring use sufficient good fruit, to have it abundant during March, April and May, and as soon as strawberries ripen they should be used freely. Strawberries for those who have attacks of the disorders incident to spring, are one of the best remedies that can be used. We pity the family that does not have them in abundance, and early ones too. Nature seems to have made them on purpose to meet a demand of the system in early summer, and we have known many cases of invalids being greatly improved by their free use. Wilson, the ornithologist, was once ordered by an Indian doctor to live on strawberries, in order to cure an obstinate dysentery, and to his surprise he was cured in less than a week. The tomato, which can be canned in almost unlimited quantities, so as to be as fresh and good in the spring as in autumn, should also be used freely, and not as an occasional luxury but as a regular article of diet. They are especially wholesome at this season of the year. These simple rules followed, will in most cases prevent much disease and suffering.—*Herald of Health.*

SEED POTATOES.

EARLY GOODRICH.

HARISON (GOODRICH'S).

WHITE PEACH BLOW.

EARLY ROSE.

We offer a supply of the above. The Early Goodrich will be found the most profitable for the season of '69, by parties south of Philadelphia, who grow for northern markets. It is unquestionably very early, and yields largely.

The following year ('70) the Early Rose will, beyond doubt, supersede it; it is earlier than the Early Goodrich, of better quality, by far and equally productive. The present high cost of the seed of the Early Rose is the only impediment to its exclusive culture for market purposes.

☞ Parties who propose to plant either for market or family use, may profit by communicating with us direct, or through merchants who vend our Seeds.

D. LANDRETH & SON,

Nos. 21 and 23 South Sixth St.,

PHILADELPHIA.

feb13-6t

PRINCE EDWARD OATS.

An Invoice of these renowned Oats, weighing 40 pounds to the bushel, has been imported by the Subscribers expressly for Seed, with the hope of improving our Stock.

They are offered at $5 PER SACK of two bushels, weighing 80 pounds net, no charge for Sack or porterage.

☞ For further information, address, enclosing postage stamp to prepay answer,

D. LANDRETH & SON,

Nos. 21 and 23 South Sixth St.,

PHILADELPHIA.

From Paschall Morris, Editor of "Practical Farmer."

D. LANDRETH & SON, whose advertisement of "Prince Edward Island Oats" will be found in an adjoining column, have sent a sample to our office. A critical examination of them has convinced us of their great weight, as compared with those of Pennsylvania growth. It may be that our climate will not produce such as they are; but it is certainly worth trial, and he cannot be termed a progressive farmer who, through simple fear of deterioration, should fail to use so desirable an opportunity to improve his stock. feb13-6t

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☞ California has established a school in her State Prison for the instruction of prisoners. This is in accordance not merely with humanity, but with sound economy and common sense.

GINGER SNAPS.—*A Collection of Two Thousand Scintillations of Wit.* The material gathered and the whole Batch Baked by JO COSE.

This new book contains the merriest thoughts of the Merriest Men—short, crispy, pungent—all selected with care, so that they may be read by Man and Woman, Boys and Girls, at any time and place. It is a book for Farmers at their Firesides in Winter; for folks at home; Travellers in Cars and Steamboats, Ramblers at the Seaside and in the Woods. Take it up at any time and you will find something you have never seen before that will make you shake with honest laughter. Price, in fancy paper, illustrated cover, red edge, only 50 cents; in board illustrated cover, 75 cents; in extra cloth, embossed and lettered, red edge, $1 (a choice gift book). Which will you have? Send your money and you shall have your "SNAPS." Sent, post-paid, on receipt of price. Address the *Wallkill Valley Times*, Montgomery, N. Y.

N. B.—Editors publishing the above, including this paragraph, one week, will receive a copy of "Ginger Snaps" free. jan16-2m

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☞ A benevolent gentleman in Richmond offers five dollars to any good-looking young woman with a name ending in y, who will never use the termination *ic*.

THE DRESDEN MUSIC BOX is an imported article, got up on entirely new principles; playing 8 popular American tunes, in handsome polished metal case. Sent only by mail, free of expense on receipt of $1. Address E. THORNTON, Hoboken, New Jersey. dec26-3m

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☞ London has a Mormon church with one thousand members.

Death of Lamartine.

Marie Louis Alphonse Prat de Lamartine, poet, historian, and statesman, born in 1790, ten years before the opening of the century, died recently in his seventy-ninth year. The name by which he is so well known to the world, Lamartine, is in fact an adopted one, taken out of regard to a maternal uncle, who left him a considerable fortune, his family name being Prat. The early life of Lamartine was divided about equally between literature and diplomacy. When about thirty-five and secretary to the English embassy, he married an English lady of fortune, an alliance which resulted in happiness and pecuniary independence throughout a long life. He first came into view outside of France through the revolution of 1848, in which he played an important part as orator, and, when the revolution became a fact, as Minister of Foreign Affairs. His political course through this tumult was dramatic and instructive, but short. The *coup d'etat* of 1851 restored him to private life and to literature. Since that retirement his best known works have been "The History of the Restoration of the Monarchy in France;" "The History of the Constituent Assembly;" "History of Turkey;" "Memoirs of Celebrated Characters;" "History of Russia," and "Toussaint L'Ouverture," a drama. As an editor and writer, he held a distinguished place among that brilliant corps of men who have well-nigh made journalism the first profession in France.

(Established 1861.)

THE GREAT AMERICAN

Tea Company

Receive their Teas by the cargo from the best Tea districts of China and Japan, and sell them in quantities to suit customers

AT CARGO PRICES.

CLUB ORDERS PROMPTLY SUPPLIED

PRICE LIST OF TEAS.

OOLONG (Black), 70c., 80c., 90c., best $1 ₩ lb.
MIXED (Green and Black), 70c., 80c., 90c., best $1 ₩ lb.
ENGLISH BREAKFAST (Black), 80c., 90c., $1, $1 10, best $1 20 ₩ lb.
IMPERIAL (Green), 80c., 90c., $1, $1 10, best $1 25 ₩ lb.
YOUNG HYSON (Green), 80c., 90c., $1, $1 10, best $1 25 ₩ lb.
UNCOLORED JAPAN, 80c., $1, $1 10, best $1 25 ₩ lb.
GUNPOWDER, (Green), best $1 50 ₩ lb.

Coffees Roasted and Ground Daily.

GROUND COFFEE, 20c., 25c, 30c., 35c., best 40c. per lb. Hotels, Saloons, Boarding-house keepers, and Families who use large quantities of Coffee, can economize in that article by using our FRENCH BREAKFAST and DINNER COFFEE, which we sell at the low price of 30c. per pound, and warrant to give perfect satisfaction. ROASTED (Unground), 30c., 35c., best 40c. ₩ lb. GREEN (Unroasted), 25c., 30c., 33c., best 35c ₩ lb.

We warrant all the goods we sell to give entire satisfaction. If they are not satisfactory, they can be returned, at our expense, within thirty days, and have the money refunded.

CAUTION.—As some concerns, in this city and other places, imitate our name and style of advertising and doing business, it is important that our friends should be very careful to write our address in full, and also to put on the number of our Post Office Box, as appears in this advertisement. This will prevent their orders from getting into the hands of these *bogus imitators*.

GREAT AMERICAN TEA CO.,

Nos. 31 and 33 VESEY STREET.

POST-OFFICE BOX No. 5643 NEW YORK CITY.
oc31-tf

The Fashions.

The first of March was "opening day" with the milliners and *modistes*, and the various establishments were thronged accordingly with fashionable fair ones in pursuit of new styles, etc. The bonnet of the coming season, it seems, is to be smaller than the one now in vogue, with little trimming at the sides, and no strings. A new style of round hat is called the Rosalind. It is made of fancy straw, without brim, high in the centre, with a loop of green satin on one side, and white lace, edged with green satin ribbon, falling at the back. Prices take a wide range, say all the way from $10 to $45. Small capes are to be the prevailing style. Black silk sacques for street wear are loosely fitting in the back, extending a little below the belt; the front is a trifle deeper, while it is narrow on the shoulders and open under the arm, being joined by the belt. The trimming is of satin folds and black lace edging.

ESTEY'S COTTAGE ORGANS

have the FINEST TONE, more POWER, and it takes LESS MONEY to buy them than any other INSTRUMENT in the market. Great inducements offered to Sunday-schools and churches. A liberal discount made to clergymen. Send for a circular and price list.

E. M. BRUCE,
18 North Seventh Street,
Philadelphia.

mar14-tf

☞ S. C. Hall related the following anecdote at the dinner-table of a distinguished poet in London: "A worldling was once visited, in his illness, by a well-meaning but dolorous clergyman, who disfigured his countenance and wore a face of perpetual mourning. As his sad visage appeared in the door-way, the sick man started up and exclaimed: 'Why! what's the matter? You look as if your religion *didn't agree with you!*'"

Husband's Calcined Magnesia

is free from unpleasant taste, and three times the strength of the common Calcined Magnesia.

The World's Fair Medal and four First Premium Silver Medals have been awarded it, as being the best in the market. For sale by the druggists and country storekeepers, and by the manufacturer,

THOMAS J. HUSBAND, Philadelphia.

jan30-2m

☞ There are said to be sixty National Bank Directors in the House of Representatives at Washington.

AGENTS WANTED.—"Magic Drawing Sheets." Price 10 cents. Three for 25 cents. Address A. BARBER & BRO., Port Byron, Ills. sep26-6m

POLLY'S LIFE.

I rise in the morning early, and get the
breakfast spread;
I wash and dress the little ones, and make
their milk and bread;
I walk with them to school, and then come
back to mother,
To help her in the kitchen, or to sew a shirt
for brother.

I sweep the floors, and dust the rooms; I
get the dinner ready;
And all the neighbors wish their girls were
as neat, and clean, and steady;
The lads look after me, and say: "Her eyes
and teeth are jolly;
Her voice how sweet, how small her feet;
no lady's like our Polly."

So I bow and smile to Dick, and I laugh and
nod to Harry;
But they're much mistaken if they think I
e'er intend to marry;
They only see half of my life, the part that
they think real;
Ah, when my working-day is o'er, I live in
a world ideal.

And when at night 'tis time to go to my
chamber next the skies,
They would be surprised if they could see
how it looks in Polly's eyes;
The bare white walls are hung with pink
(it suits my complexion best,)
And velvet curtains fall to the floor; and
how grandly I am drest.

With ribbons rare my raven hair is decked
by my waiting-maid,
Or bound with pearls, or flashing gems, and
wreathed in many a braid;
Rich lustrous silks are softened by folds of
beautiful lace;
Bracelets of gold clasp my rounded arms,
and earrings hang by my face.

And then with my fan, and flowers so sweet,
I start for brilliant balls;
And lords and ladies are glad to greet the
beauty that graces their halls;
Lord Walter claims my hand for a waltz, and
we're soon among the dancers;
And then Sir Frederick calls me false,
though I promised him the Lancers!

Too soon my chaperon, Lady Maud, says she
really can wait no longer;
I whisper Lord Walter, I'll ride with him
next week if I feel stronger;
We had walked in the winter-garden, he had
plucked a rose for my hair;
I placed it myself in a china vase: I wake—
it is not there.

But the six o'clock bell is ringing for the
men to go to work;
The children are having a game of play
(that Bobby *is* such a Turk;)
And I make my father's coffee, and I wash
the steps of the door.—
What shall I say to Lord Walter when we
meet in the blue boudoir?

Fresh Air for the Consumptive.

BY DR. HENRY I. BOWDITCH.

Build your houses in the country, in preference to any place near the sea-coast. In the country choose a slope rather than a plain to build upon, and where the sun can have full access to it, if possible, all day. Be sure, (if need be, by effectual sub-drainage) that the soil is thoroughly permeable to water. Let no moisture from the soil, from any source, be permitted to distil its pernicious influences upon the future dwelling or its inmates. Let the rooms be large, of substantial breadth rather than height, and so pierced by windows that the air may have a bounteous and free entrance and exit. Let fireplaces be built in every room and chamber—fireplaces made for real use, not kept for show, and not closed with iron plates which are to be pierced for air tight stoves. Eschew all furnace heat except for warming the entries and corridors.

Outside the house let there be ample space for air and sunlight. One or two trees may be permitted to grow near the house, but not to overshadow it, for nothing but evil comes from too much shade, either of trees or climbing vines. Both of these may very materially prevent the warm rays of the sun from reaching and bathing the exterior, or from penetrating the interior of the house, which they should be allowed to do freely, even in the depths of summer. Nothing so deadens the atmosphere as the too constant closure of the windows, blinds, and curtains, whereby light and heat as well as fresh air are excluded. Every morning let the windows be open widely, so as to drive off the remains of foul air that has necessarily accumulated from the sleepers during the previous night. Every night let a part of the windows be left open, and if possible at the top and bottom, so that during sleep there may be still a plenty of fresh, unbreathed air for the children and adults to use. Of course the amount of space thus opened will vary with the season; but often, even during our Northern winters, especially in a furnace-heated house, a small aperture, at least, may thus be left. Two or three extra blankets only will be needed for any coldness thus caused.

As to the value of fresh air, alike for the healthy and the invalid, there seems to exist great doubt in this community. Even the healthy have no real faith in its efficacy as a means of giving health. Invalids, almost without exception, we have to educate to that faith. They have so many doubts about the weather. It is too cold, too hot, too windy, or too blustering. It is cloudy, or an east wind prevails. These and a hundred other trivial deviations from perfect weather are noted, and the unfortunate invalid quietly stays within doors day after day to avoid them. Nothing is more pernicious, no behavior more unwise. Both invalids and healthy persons ought to eschew all such views as arrant folly. "Whenever *in doubt*," we say to our patients, "about going out, *always go out.* If a violent storm is raging, to which no one would willingly expose himself, then keep to the house, but the moment it ceases, seize the occasion for exercise out of doors." "It would be better," said the late John Ware, "for everybody, sick and well, to face every storm than to be fearful, as we now usually are, of even a trace of foul weather."—*Atlantic Monthly.*

☞ "Driver, how much to the Central Park?" "Ten dollars, sir." "*Ten* dollars! I don't want to *buy* your hack!"

☞ Original from Salt Lake—Brigham Young has another baby. He's a funny man; the older he grows the more Young he gets.

The Battle with My Boy.

"I knew it would never do to give it up; the boy would have been ruined; I felt horribly, but I kept on, for I knew that his will must be broken, then or never." Young teachers in their first school, and young parents training their first child, come to some such crisis, and talk of it afterwards in words like the above. After the crisis is past, and when the event comes up for review, the parties to it are not always sure whether the result was a great blunder or a great victory. Authorities differ.

A man with a broken back is usually quiet and sweetly submissive; and if the back be sufficiently broken he gives very little trouble to his rulers or to his fellows beyond a decent burial. Now, WILL is the backbone of character. To break one's will, or even to subdue one's will by force or violence is a very critical operation. To break a backbone judiciously, belongs to high-art in surgery—very high.

An ingenious device to control a runaway horse is to shoot him; a pistol for this purpose can be attached to the head-stall, between the ears, and a string from the trigger to the driver's hand, puts the most wilful animal completely under control.

The desirable end to be sought in the matter of wills or horses, is, intelligent obedience. Enforced obedience is the proper result of breaking a will or a horse. Intelligent obedience is the result of intelligent education. In certain ranges of conduct, all men learn obedience, invariably. A hearty boy-baby is a natural born rebel. But he very soon recognizes his patient and passionless masters, the great stone-faced laws of matter. The sober mahogany table hit the boy as he got up from the floor and his toys. Straightway the boy kicked the table legs and fisted its corners. But the table was in no degree excited by the crisis. As often as this rebel wishes to try conclusions with the table, the table is quite ready with its lesson. Two or three lessons are usually enough. The boy turns out for the table, and respects it ever afterward.

So the stove has its lessons; the hot lamp-chimney its; the flight of stairs, down which baby wishes to roll many times, has a lesson; the hole in the carpet trips the careless toe with passionless punctuality; aching fingers teach the law of snow and snow-balling; cut fingers teach children not to meddle with edge-tools. All men learn by experience. Experience is a good teacher. Why?

If any parent or teacher will accept the wisdom taught by these laws of matter and of nature, he will find similar results to attend upon his efforts as he stands in the way of a child to guide and educate and govern. Victory is not to be won by a pitched battle. Let any child experience an absolute uniformity of law and administration, and sooner or later he will conform. He learns to recognize parents and teachers, not as occasional foes and opposers, but as existing facts—the same yesterday, to-day, and every day. Penalties need not be severe, but they must be inevitable. Rewards need not be costly, but they must be earned, and when earned punctually awarded.

When an artist, by a few bold, strong strokes, makes a likeness, it is usually a caricature. The portrait, life-like and soulful, is worked up by ten thousand microscopic touches, all of them guided by a master's eye. And when a child is to be educated, there may be educational geniuses who, by a few bold words or blows, at critical moments, shape a character. But the perfect work is accomplished by them only who, by daily little touches, all loving and all consistent, work up a result, which, after years of perseverance we call success, for we have been workers with God, and have worked as He works.—*The Mother at Home.*

About Papering, Painting, etc.

Select paper with quiet tints, as being in better taste than gaudy colors. Some paper the ceilings also. For this a white or nearly white watered paper should be used, with a broad and delicately colored border.

Side walls can be papered by women. Trim the unprinted edge from one side of the paper, cut into strips the right length, matching the figure as you cut, then lay one strip at a time on a long table, and with a good whitewash brush, or even a clothes brush, spread on the paste—common boiled flour paste, made rather thin, and perfectly smooth—then with your assistant, lift the strip to its place, and with cloths in your hand pat it thoroughly from the top downwards and the middle outwards. In putting on the second piece, lap its trimmed edge over the untrimmed edge of the first, and match the figure.

Do not begin in a corner, for these are seldom straight, but begin by a door, so that when you come around to the place of beginning, there will not be a strip of broken figure to close up with. In papering the corners of a room, always cut the paper, instead of turning the corner whole, and then lap a little, so that the paper will go in smooth to any irregularities in the corner, and not bridge across, as it will do if put on whole.

If your house is nice, and you wish to repaint within doors, do not fail to get the zinc paint for the last coat. It costs more, but is vastly more durable, has a beautiful polish, and is very easily cleaned without soap. But if you are building a nice house, by all means have the wood work varnished, and dispense with paint entirely. Almost any wood is handsomer varnished than any paint can make it, and a simple damp cloth will then remove all dirt.

All the old varnished furniture, bedsteads, chairs, tables, etc., can be made to look almost like new, if well rubbed with turpentine and oil. If past such a remedy, buy a cup of varnish, get the loan of a brush, and varnish the furniture yourself. A nicely varnished table is handsomer to my taste without a spread than with one.

If new curtains are wanted for any part of the house, get buff chintz, and cut the size of the windows, run a flat rod into the lower hem, and nail the upper edge to a round rod such as you can get at the stores, arranged to draw up by a cord at the sides; or if you cannot do better, put a round rod at the bottom and roll up, tying with a cord and tassel thrown over the top. White curtains can be added, if wanted.

Carpets should be taken up at least once a year, thoroughly beaten with pliant whips, and all common ones should be turned the other side up. Good straw, evenly laid down, is the best to keep dust from wearing carpets. Carpets that are to be stretched much should be bound all around, and oil cloths should also be bound with carpet binding.

In purchasing a carpet, remember that large patterns are only suited to large rooms, and that a carpet with a small figure, covering nearly the whole surface, will last longest, especially if the carpet be three-ply. Let there be a harmony of colors between the carpet and wall paper. Select substantial colors as well as substantial cloth, don't get a green carpet, and then keep the room dark to protect it, but get one that loves the light. Cotton carpets or even linen are poor economy, but for honest wear, give us the old-fashioned rag carpet yet.—*Ohio Farmer.*

Editor and Correspondents.

"If," says one correspondent, "Mrs. Stowe should send something anonymously to the Magazine, it would not be thought any better than what I send; but her name saves it." But does this correspondent complain of that? If she opened these pages and saw a story "by Charles Dickens," would it attract her no more than an anonymous story? If it would, her remark is answered. Certain names are signs of a proved power, and therefore most attractive to readers. Besides—and this is very humbly suggested—if your contribution be as good as Mrs. Stowe's, why is not your name equally desirable to a magazine with hers? Is there not a suspicion that you may be mistaken? Are all contributions equally desirable? The Easy Chair certainly does not say that Homer nods—but oh, reflecting correspondent, not every one who nods is Homer. Dickens again, was as anonymous as you when he began. If the Dickens is in you, be very sure that your anonymous communications will not be rejected.

And here "Imperator" wishes to know why in the interest of a sound literature the editor will not state his reasons for declining a contribution. Dear sir, an editor is an autocrat. The king wills it—that is his reason. In other words, he does not know his reason. When a sensitive teacher is instructing his pupil upon the piano he exclaims, "Hi, hi! that's a false note!" But, good "Imperator," shall he undertake to show to her exactly why it is a false note? Now editing is by no means so exact a science as music; but an editor feels the false note as surely as the teacher. He knows instinctively—or he is not a good editor—what is "available;" that is, what is magazineable. It would take him a very long time to explain, and he might not satisfy you after all in the particular case of your article. But his instinct is final for his purpose, and you ought to understand that it is no kind of reflection upon your article. If he should stop to explain to every writer of a contribution that he must return why he returned it, the publication of the Magazine would necessarily be suspended. You gentlemen who sit at home at ease and write epic poems and novels and essays, mail them to editors, little know how the stormy winds of speed do blow in the editorial sanctum, and that it is—saving your authorship—enough to read without explaining why the reading is not satisfactory.

Ah, but, says Artaxerxes, it is so disagreeable, so mortifying, to receive your manuscript back again. And how long would you buy a magazine conducted upon the principle of printing whatever was sent in order to spare the feelings of the writer? No, good friends and fellow authors, use the same sagacity in dealing with the Magazine and your contributions that you do in all other relations and business, and you will not regard an editor as not only your natural enemy, but a proud and insolent tyrant likewise.—*Harper's Magazine.*

THE ANSWER.

BY WALTER CONWAY.

I mused upon the source of bliss,
And tried to analyze a kiss.

I wondered such delight could spring
From such a simple, trifling thing.

Two pairs of lips a moment meet,
A touch, no more—but, oh, how sweet!

And long as life thrills through the veins,
The pressure of that kiss remains.

Lo, long I mused, and much I thought,
But all my reasoning came to naught.

And something whispered, "Foolish man!
Thou canst not solve it, no man can!"

Just then the pretty Maud came in,
With cherry lips and dimpled chin.

"O rarest girl, come tell me this:
Whence springs the rapture of a kiss?"

And fit for dull philosopher
The answer that I got from her.

"O stupid man, who vainly looks
For buds and flowers in dusty books;

And seeks the joy that love inspires,
In brooding over dying fires.

If you would know wherefore the rose
Is sweet, go pluck it where it grows."

I took her counsel, and—ah well,
I'm wiser—but I never tell.

INTIMACY WITH CHILDREN.—A wise father and pure mother, if they have secured the confidence of their children—and this can only be secured by intimacy—need not fear ruin. Youthful indiscretion will never be prolonged into vice, for the least act on the part of the offspring will be no sooner committed than imparted to the parent, who will thus be able to check youthful imprudence, and interpose his experienced wisdom as barrier between the commission of a single impropriety and the formation of a vicious habit. Many a youth who has been lost might have been saved if parents had cultivated a greater "intimacy with children."

NO EXERCISE EQUAL TO LAUGHTER.—Nothing acts so directly upon the organs within both chest and abdomen. Ten hearty laughs, real shouts, will do more to advance the general health and vitality than an hour spent in the best attitudes and motions, if done in a sober, solemn spirit. Of course I know you can't laugh at will, so you must play with the dog, play with your children, introduce a hundred games which involve competition and fun. Open the folding-doors, move back the centre-table, and go it. Play with the bags, run for the pins, play any of the games which you can recall from your early experience.

☞ Prentice says Senator —— isn't like the angel that sometimes went down into the pool of Bethesda. He never "troubles the water."

West's Reminiscences of Byron.

BY JOHN NEAL.

This fine artist, known all over the earth now, wherever Byron has been heard of, is best known by his portraits of that unhappy man and his *chere amie*, the Countess Guiccioli. I met with him first in London, where much of his time was spent in multiplying copies of his Lordship at five hundred guineas apiece, and of the Countess for something less than half price. Lady Caroline Lamb, who, it must be acknowledged, knew Byron well, and had reason to know him, used to come and sit down before his picture, and stay hour after hour, breathing hard and wiping her eyes when she thought herself unobserved, saying it was the only likeness of his Lordship that had ever been painted; that by Phillips being a caricature, and half a score others only supposititious,—all the painters being determined to represent the *poet* instead of the *man*. West gave him with a full, pleasant face, a clear complexion, large blue eyes, chestnut hair: blue eyes, I say, though I may be mistaken, for the eyes of West were wonders,—iridescent, clear, and changeable; but there was no melancholy, no pouting, no sulking, as if somebody else had "got a bigger bun"—to borrow an idea of Mrs. Leigh Hunt—which Byron never forgot nor forgave. And here it may not be amiss to give some of West's reminiscences that just occur to me.

The first time he ever saw Guiccioli, she came to a window and looked in, while he was painting Byron. He was quite startled, thinking the face that of a young girl, out for a romp among the daisies and buttercups, and never dreaming that the Countess herself was there, overseeing his work with her innocent, girlish face. Byron was a sad dog at the best, and used to speak of her, just as he did of a little plump chambermaid, with whom he was on rather familiar terms, sometimes acknowledging a preference for the *contadina* while coquetting with the *contessa*.—*Atlantic Monthly.*

Odors and Memories.

Wonderful is the link between odors and memories. A sprig of wild mint or pennyroyal takes me back to early childhood and sunny fields bordered by old oaks and chestnuts, and down the fox-grape hollows, all now grown visionary in the distance. A breeze across a barn in midwinter will set us in the summer fields amid the new-mown hay and the songs of the bobolinks and the murmur of the woods.

None the less are odors linked with the airy brood of the imagination. An orange bud will carry us to Sorrento—a rose to Persia and the Paradise of the Houris. Even the scent from a city warehouse will send us far out to sea, away to China and the "wealth of Ormus and of Ind."

Every one with the least musical ear knows how subtle and powerful is the link between certain tunes or passages of music and persons, places, scenes, associated with them; how they set us musing on the past, and unlock the mysterious chambers of memory. Not less subtle and powerful are the enchantment of odors. There is as much poetry in them as in sights and sounds. A lady with sandal-wood fan will diffuse around the room delicate dreams of Araby the Blest. The rose in her hair or on her bosom, the bouquet she holds in her hand, the faint perfume of her dress, will carry one's thoughts not only to the flower-garden and the conservatory, but to all the amenities of refine female society. She will move about among those of the coarser sex like the sweet south. She will bring with her everywhere a suggestion of refined culture and Christian civilization. As the dainty Leigh Hunt sings, or as he makes the flowers sing:—

"Know you not our only
Rival flower, the human?
Loveliest weight on lightest foot,
Joy-abundant woman!"

How can there be wrath and harsh words and brutal deeds in a room where flowers are breathing out the perfumes which seem so naturally absorbed by woman that they may be called feminine, adding the last touch of beauty to her person by their odors as by their forms and colors?

Days Without Nights.

Nothing strikes a stranger more forcibly, if he visits Sweden at the season of the year when the days are longest, than the absence of night. Dr. Baird relates some interesting facts. He arrived at Stockholm from Gottenburg, four hundred miles distant, in the morning; in the afternoon went to see some friends. He returned about midnight, when it was as light as it is in England half an hour before sunset. You could see distinctly, but all was quiet in the streets; it seemed as if the inhabitants had gone away, or were dead. The sun in June goes down in Stockholm a little before ten o'clock. There is a great illumination all night, as the sun passes around the earth toward the north pole; and the refraction of its rays is such that you can see to read at midnight without any artificial light. The first morning Dr. Baird awoke in Stockholm he was surprised to see the sun shining in his room. He looked at his watch, and found it was only three o'clock. The next time he awoke it was five o'clock, but there were persons in the streets. The Swedes in the city are not very industrious. There is a mountain at the head of the Gulf of Bothnia, where on the 21st of June the sun does not appear to go down at all. The steamboat goes up from Stockholm for the purpose of conveying those who are curious to witness the phenomena. It occurs only one night. The sun reaches the horizon, you can see the whole face of it, and in five minutes more it begins to rise. At the North Cape, latitude seventy-two degrees, the sun does not go down for several weeks. In June it would be about twenty-five degrees above the horizon at midnight. In the winter time the sun disappears, and is not seen for weeks; then it comes and remains for ten, fifteen, or twenty minutes, after which it descends, and finally does not set at all, but makes almost a circle around the heavens. Dr. Baird was asked how they managed in those latitudes with regard to hired persons, and what they considered a day. He replied that they worked by the hour, and twelve hours would be considered a day's work. Birds and animals take their accustomed rest at the usual hour, whether the sun goes down or not.

☞ The astonishing statement is made that Brigham Young, having given up business, is living a *quiet* life with his many wives.

☞ Boy choirs are employed in twelve New York churches.

THE HIDDEN ROSES.

E'en now, within the frozen stems,
June's roses lie concealed,
Till throstles sing, and larks soar up,
And Summer be revealed.
E'en now, in their enchanted sleep
Beneath the frozen clod,
The little baby-blossoms wait
The summons of their God.

The snow-time and the winter storm
Will vanish like a cloud;
Soon Spring will cast her swallows forth,
And May-trees blossom proud.
Rainbows will arch the sunny air,
Lambs leap in every fold,
And through the dark warm earth pierce
through
The crocus flushed with gold.

Winter, the discrowned king, will cast
The white mask from his face;
And Spring, his rosy child, with smiles
Will see the swallows chase.
From Night's black grave, like Lazarus,
The striving day comes forth;
The winter-storm sows seeds of joy,
East, west, and south and north.

Spring comes with sound of whispering
leaves,
And songs of waking birds;
The joy of May-time is too great
To shape itself in words.
Soon buds will widen into flowers,
And Summer be revealed;
E'en now within the frozen stems,
June's roses lie concealed.

THE RED COURT FARM.

BY MRS. HENRY WOOD.

AUTHOR OF "EAST LYNNE," "ROLAND YORKE, OR DONE IN PASSION," &C., &C.

CHAPTER VI.

JUSTICE THORNYCROFT'S VISIT.

The days passed pleasantly enough: Lady Ellis made herself agreeable, Mr. Lake was always so; and Clara nearly forgot her dream. On the Friday morning, a hot but cloudy day, Mr. Lake went out to fish. Lady Ellis and Fanny Chester strolled after him; and Mrs. Chester took the opportunity to—as she phrased it to herself—"tackle" Clara. That estimable and managing matron beguiled the young lady into the quiet and secluded nursery—a room above, that the children were never in—and there burst into a flood of tears over her work, the darning of a tablecloth, and laid her unhappy case bare in the broad light of day.

"Only another week after this, my dear Clara! If you would but consent to stay! Think what my position will be should Lady Ellis quit me!"

Clara hesitated. Just the same instinct arose within her against staying at Guild, that in the first instance, the evening before the dream, had arisen against going to it. But she was gentle, young, pliable; it seemed to her that refusal would be an unkind thing, and she could not form her lips to say it.

"Would another week's stay make so very much difference to Lady Ellis, think you, Mrs. Chester?"

"My dear good soul, it would make all the difference. She'll have become accustomed to the place then, and will not care to leave it."

"Well—I will talk to Robert when he comes in."

"Of course—if you wish. But you know, Clara, the decision lies entirely with you. He will do what you suggest. Now, my dear, do picture to yourself the difference in our positions, yours and mine, and be hard-hearted if you can. You with your happy home to return to, your three servants, and your six hundred a year; and I with my poor pittance, my toiling life, and my heap of children!"

Mrs. Chester showered tears upon the tablecloth in her lap, and Clara Lake felt that she was in for it.

"If you and Robert will remain two weeks with me from the day you came, I shall be thankful. My goodness me! who's that?"

Mrs. Chester alluded to the clatter of some steps on the stairs, and the entrance of two ladies. Unfortunately for Clara Lake, they were Mary and Margaret Jupp. In high spirits, and with their usual volubility, they explained that they had a commission to execute at Guild for their mother, which gave them the opportunity of paying a flying call at Mrs. Chester's.

Not so very flying; for the young ladies took off their bonnets and made themselves comfortable for an hour or two. Mrs. Chester—craftily foreseeing what valuable allies these would prove—melted into tears again, and renewed her request to Mrs. Lake. Abandoning pride and its reticence, she openly explained what a boon to her, poor distressed woman, it was that she was craving for, and avowed her poverty, and the terms on which Lady Ellis had come to her. The Miss Jupps had known all about it before, as Mrs. Chester knew, but she took advantage of the situation.

They did the same. In their open good nature, and they had no other motive, they urged Clara to the promise. On the one hand, there would be the service to Mrs. Chester; on the other, a delightful holiday for Mr. and Mrs. Lake. Borne along on the stream of persuasion, assailed on all sides, Clara Lake felt that all power of resistance was taken from her, and she yielded to the stream.

Yielded to the stream, and gave the promise.

The Miss Jupps were clapping their hands at the victory, when Mr. Lake entered. Mrs. Chester explained the applause, by saying that dear Clara had promised to remain a fortnight at Guild.

"Have you?" he asked, turning to his wife.

"Yes; I have been over-persuaded," she replied, with rather a sickly smile.

The Miss Jupps applauded again, and a happy thought struck Mr. Lake; or an unhappy one. You can decide which as the history goes on.

It had been in contemplation to throw out a bay window in their dining-room at Katterley. A dark room and rather small, Mr. Lake and his wife had both decided that it should be altered. This, as it seemed to him, was the very time to set about the alteration. They had thought of deferring it until spring, but it would be a good thing over; and he intended to have some of his Yorkshire friends up for Christmas. Approaching his wife, he spoke to her in a low tone.

"Begin the alteration now!—while we are here!" she exclaimed, in surprise. "But, Robert! how long will they be over it?"

"About a fortnight. They may begin and end it in that time."

"Do you think so?"

"I'm sure so," he answered, carelessly and confidently. "I'll make Peters put it in his contract. Why, Clara, what is it? just the throwing out of a window? They might do it in a week if they chose. But just as you like, my dear."

Again, hearing the conversation, Mrs. Chester and the Miss Jupps joined in, taking wholly Mr. Lake's view of the matter. The only one who spoke with an interested motive was Mrs. Chester; the others were as honest as the day in what they said—honest in their inexperience.

And Clara was borne down once more in this as in the last, and agreed to the alteration being begun.

"It won't be much more than putting in a fresh window frame," decided Margaret Jupp.

No more shilly-shallyings now, no more questions of whether they should go or not. Mr. Lake went over that same afternoon to Katterley, in attendance on the Miss Jupps; saw the builder, Peters, and had the work put in hand. On the Saturday he and his wife both went over, to return in the evening.

It was a sultry midday. Lady Ellis sat on the lawn under the shelter of a spreading lime-tree, whose branches had been more redolent of perfume a month or two ago than they were now.

The sky was cloudless, of a dark hot blue; the summer petals, clustering on the flower-beds, opened themselves to the blistering sun. Lady Ellis was alone with her netting. She work a black silk gown and a little cap of net, all the more coquettish for its simplicity, its plain lappets hanging behind. Her work proceeded slowly, and finally she let it fall on her knee as one utterly weary.

"What a life it is here!" she murmured in self-commune. Say what they will, India is the paradise of women. Where means are in accordance; servants, dress, carriages, horses, incessant gayety, it may be tolerable here; but where they are lacking—good heavens! how do people manage to exist?"

"The world has gone hard with me," she resumed after a pause. "Two years of luxury to be succeeded by stagnation. I'd never have married Colonel Ellis—no, though he did give me a title—had I supposed his money would go to his children and not to me."

Another pause, during which she jerked the netting-silk up and down.

"And this house? shall I stay in it? But for that young man, who is rendering it bearable, I don't think I could. This managing clergyman's widow, with her flock of young ones, she is a study from nature—or art. Ah well, well! a month or two of it, and I shall go on the wing again."

Closing her eyes, as if weary with the world's view, Lady Ellis remained perfectly still, until the sound of rapidly advancing wheels aroused her. Looking up, she saw a very handsome carriage, a sort of mail phaeton, dash up to the gate. The gentleman driving got out and assisted down a girl of fair beauty, who had sat by his side; the groom having sprung round to the horses' heads from the seat behind.

They came up the path, and Lady Ellis looked at them. An exceedingly fine man, of middle age, tall and upright, with a handsome face still, and clear blue eyes. The girl was handsome too, she wore a beautiful dress of training silk, and a hat with blue ribbons. We have met them before—Mr. and Miss Thornycroft.

Looking about, as if seeking for the door of entrance, or for some one to receive them, their eyes fell upon Lady Ellis. She could do nothing less than advance to the rescue. Missing the turning that led by a shady path to the door, they could see only windows. Mr. Thornycroft raised his hat.

"I have the honor of speaking to Mrs. Chester?"

Lady Ellis laughed slightly at the supposition, and threw back her head, as much as to say it was a ridiculous and not flattering mistake.

"No, indeed. I am only staying here."

Mr. Thornycroft bowed in deprecation; Miss Thornycroft turned her head slightly aside and took a look at the speaker. There was a slight contraction on that young lady's queenly brow as she turned it back again.

Out of an upper window, surveying the new guests, surveying the carriage being driven away by the groom to the nearest inn, was the head of Mrs. Chester; her cap off, her hair untidy, a cross look in her wondering eyes. Who were they, these people, interrupting her at that unseasonable hour? Strange to say, the truth did not strike her. They were underneath the windows, and she could take her survey at leisure.

Lady Ellis, quite capable of doing the honors of reception, ushered them into the drawing-room through the open window. At the same moment Anna Chester came forward in her poor frock and with her sweet face. Mr. Thornycroft had laid a card on the table, and she glanced at it in passing. Her manners were calm, self-possessed, gentle; an essentially lady-like girl in spite of the frock.

"I will tell mamma that you are here," she said, when they were seated; and she quitted the room again.

"Had I seen that young lady first, I should not have committed the mistake of taking you for Mrs. Chester," spoke Mr. Thornycroft in his gallantry.

Lady Ellis smiled. "That young lady is not Mrs. Chester's daughter, however. Mrs. Chester's children are considerably younger."

Anna meanwhile was going up-stairs. Mrs. Chester, doing something to the inside of a bed, had her black dress covered with fluff, and her hair also, she turned sharply round when Anna entered.

"Mamma, it is Justice Thornycroft."

What with the startling announcement—for Mrs. Chester took in the news at once—and what with the recollection of her own state of attire, Mrs. Chester turned her irritably upon Anna. It was provoking thus to be interrupted at her very necessary work.

"*Justice* Thornycroft! What in the world possesses you to call the man that, Anna Chester?"

"Mrs. Copp called him so in her letter to me, mamma."

"Mrs. Copp's a fool," retorted the bewildered lady. "Justice Thornycroft! One would think you had been bred in a wood. Who do you suppose uses those obsolete terms now? What brings him over here to-day?"

She put the question in a sharp, exacting tone, just as if it were Anna's business to answer it, and Anna's fault that he had

"HAVE YOU COME TO LOOK AFTER US, MRS. LAKE?"

come. Anna quietly went to a closet and took out Mrs. Chester's best gown.

"To come on a Saturday! Nothing was ever so unreasonable," groaned Mrs. Chester. "Here's all the flock and the down out of the bed, and I covered with it. Look at my crape! Look at my hair! I took off my cap because those bothering lappets got in my way."

"You will have your gown changed in two minutes, mamma, and I will smooth your hair."

Mrs. Chester jerked the gown out of Anna's hands. One of those active, restless women, who cannot bear to be still while anything is done for them, was she; and began to put it on herself, grumbling all the while.

"Nothing in the world ever happened so contrary. Of all things, I wanted, if these Thornycrofts did come over, to keep them from Lady Ellis. Once let her get an inkling of their business, and she'd be off the next day. And there they are, shut up with her. I dare say she knows it all by now."

"Oh, mamma, it is not likely Mr. Thornycroft would speak of it to her."

"Indeed! That's your opinion, is it? Give me the hair-brush."

She brushed away at her hair, Anna standing meekly by with a clean cap ready to put on. Mrs. Chester continued her catalogue of grievances.

"It is the worst day they could have come. All things are at sixes and sevens on a Saturday. The children are dirty, and the plate's dirty, and the servants are dirty. They must have luncheon, I suppose—or dinner, for that's what it will be to them, coming this long drive. Mr. Thornycroft can possess no sense to take me by storm in this manner. Anna, I hope you did not proclaim to them that you were a daughter of the house," she added, the thought suddenly striking her.

Anna's face flushed. She had spoken of Mrs. Chester as "mamma," and when she went in Lady Ellis had said, "This is Miss Chester." Under the stern gaze now bent upon her, poor Anna felt as if she had committed some not-to-be-atoned-for crime.

"In that wretched frock of yours! You have not the least sense of shame in you, Anna. Over and over again I have said you were born to disgrace me. Why could you not have passed yourself off for an upper maid or nursery governess, or something of that sort? Or else kept out of the way altogether."

It never struck Anna Chester that the reproach was unmerited; it did not occur to her to petition for a better frock, since that one was so shabby. She had a better, kept for Sundays and rare holidays; to put it on, on a week-day, unless commanded to do so, would have been an astounding inroad on the order of things. Reared to self-sacrifice and privation, that sacrifice and privation that a poor clergyman—a good, loving, but needy gentleman, must practice who has the care of those poorer than himself—Anna Chester had lived but to love and obey. When her father gained his living (that looked so wealthy in prospect), and the new wife—this present Mrs. Chester, now bending her eyes condemningly upon her—came close upon it, Anna's habit of submission was but slightly changed. Formerly she had yielded wholly to her father in her intense respect and love; now she had to yield to her step-mother in exacted, unquestioning obedience. She never thought of repining or rebelling. Brought up to think herself of no earthly consequence, as one whose sole mission in life it was to be useful to others, doing all she could for every one and ignoring self, it may be questioned if any young girl's spirit had ever been brought to the same state of perfect discipline. Never in her whole life had Anna rebelled at a request or resisted a command; to be told to do a thing was to obey. But for her naturally sweet temper, her utter want of selfishness, and the humble estimation imparted to her of herself, this could hardly have been. She stood there now, listening repentantly to the reproaches, the disparaging words of her second mother, and accepted them as her right. That lady, a very pharisee in her own opinion, gave a finishing twitch to her widow's cap, to her collar, to the "weepers" on her wrists, took the broad hem-stitched handkerchief that Anna held in readiness for her, and turned to leave the room.

"What shall I do now, mamma?" came the meek question.

"Do?—ay to be sure," continued Mrs. Chester, recalled by the words; "why, you must go to the kitchen and see what sort of a lunch can be sent up. I had ordered the cold fowl and ham with salad, and the cold mutton for you and the children. The mutton must be hashed now; very nicely, mind; you can cut it up yourself; and the veal cutlet that was intended in for dinner, must be dressed with herbs, tell Nanny; and some young potatoes. The tart can come in and the cream, and—and that will do. I shall make it our dinner, apologizing privately to Lady Ellis for the early hour, and call it luncheon to the Thornycrofts."

"Are the children to be at the table?"

"Certainly not. What are you thinking of? You must keep them with you. The miserable thing is, that Elizabeth went back with the Lakes this morning; she's so respectable a servant to be seen behind one's chair in waiting. Tell Dinah to put on her merino gown, and make herself tidy."

Away went Mrs. Chester to the drawing-room, the cares of the many orders and contrivances on her shoulders, and away went Anna to the kitchen to see the execution of them, to aid in their preparation, to keep in quietness by her side (an exceedingly difficult task) the noisy children. Little did Mr. Thornycroft, bowing to the comely and well-dressed widow lady who introduced herself as Mrs. Chester, think of the trouble the advent of himself and his daughter was causing.

Mrs. Chester had accused him of possessing no sense. He possessed plenty, and also tact. As Mrs. Chester remained silent as to the object of his visit, ignoring it apparently altogether; rather boasting of how glad she was to make their acquaintance, to see them there for a day's change; he said nothing of it either. Mrs. Chester was on thorns though all the while, and talked rather at random. Lady Ellis was content to sit displaying her charms, and to put in a word or a smile here and there. Mr. Thornycroft said something about going to the hotel for luncheon.

"Oh, but surely you will remain and take luncheon with me?" said Mrs. Chester, with as much *empressement* as though she had a larder full of good things to send up.

"Would you prefer that we should do so?" asked Mr. Thornycroft.

He put the question quite simply. Luncheon and other meals were provided for so munificently in his own house, it did not occur to him that his remaining could cause embarrassment in Mrs. Chester's. That lady answered that it would give her great pain if they departed, and Mary Anne Thornycroft took off her hat. Turning to place it on a side-table, she saw a very fine piece of coral there, shaped something like a basket.

"Oh, papa, look at this!" she exclaimed. "It must be the fellow-piece to the one at Mrs. Connaught's."

"What Connaughts are those?" asked Lady Ellis, briskly. "I knew a Mrs. Connaught once."

This Mrs. Connaught, who had lived about two years at Coastdown, proved to be the same. Lady Ellis noted down the address in her pocket case.

Later, when all had dispersed, Mrs. Chester seized on her opportunity.

"I think we can have a few minutes alone now, Mr. Thornycroft, if you wish to speak to me. May I flatter myself that your visit to-day is to make arrangements for placing your daughter under my charge?"

"Madam, I came to-day not to make arrangements—that would be premature—but to ascertain if possible whether such arrangements would be suitable," he replied in his open manner. "I do wish very much to find an eligible home for my daughter, where she may complete her education and be happy. Captain and Mrs. Copp—some connection of yours, I believe?"

"Of my late husband's," interposed Mrs. Chester, quickly, as though not willing to claim connection with Captain and Mrs. Copp; "that is, of his first wife's. I don't know them at all."

"Ah, indeed; very worthy people they are. Well, madam, Mrs. Copp spoke to me of you; The widow, she said, of the Reverend James Chester, of Guild. I had some slight knowledge of him in early days. You were intending to take some pupils on the plan of a private family, Mrs. Copp said, and she thought it might suit Miss Thornycroft."

"Yes," replied Mrs. Chester, scarcely knowing what to reply in her uncertainty of plans, "I did think of it."

"And do you wish still to carry it out?"

"Yes, oh yes; if I could get the pupils."

"I had better tell you what I require for my daughter," observed Mr. Thornycroft. "She must be in a family where the habits and arrangements are essentially good; not the scanty, coarse provision generally pertaining to a school. She must be well waited on, well fed, well treated; her companions must be the daughters of gentlemen; her education must be continued on the same liberal scale as that on which it has been hitherto conducted. And I should wish her to get from the lady principal that good, conscientious, careful training that is rarely given except by a mother."

"Is she well advanced for her age? In music, for instance?" asked Mrs. Chester, after a pause.

"Very well. She plays the harp and piano, sings, and has begun harmony. German and French she speaks well; but all that you can inquire into yourself. In saying that her education must be liberal, the word is sufficiently comprehensive."

"And for these advantages what sum would you be prepared to pay?"

"Whatever was asked me, madam, in reason—in reason, of course. I am at my ease in the world in regard to money, and shall certainly not spare it on my only daughter."

Mrs. Chester's mouth watered. She was sure she had heard of such a thing as *three* hundred a year being asked in a case like this, and given. Time enough for terms, though, yet.

"Miss Thornycroft has hitherto been educated at home, I believe?"

"She has; but she is getting beyond the control of her governess, Miss Derode, and I think she would be better at school for the next year or two. A good soul, poor Miss Derode, as ever lived, and thoroughly accomplished; but Mary Anne has begun to laugh at her instead of obeying her. That won't do, you know."

Mrs. Chester sat twirling the crape of her dress between her fingers in thought. Presently she looked at Mr. Thornycroft.

"Have you thought of any sum that might be suitable—for the advantages you require?"

"I should think about two hundred a year. I would give that."

"Very fair," murmured Mrs. Chester. "Of course, any little extras—but that can be left for the present. I should like much to take her."

"For this sum I should expect commensurate advantages," continued Mr. Thornycroft, in his straightforward, candid way. "At present I do not see—you will forgive me, madam—that you are at all prepared for such a pupil. You have no pupils, I think?"

"Not yet."

"And I should wish my daughter to have companions, young ladies of her own age—just three or four, to reconcile her to being away from home, the notion which she does not at all relish. A resident governess would also be essential—unless indeed the lady superintendent devoted her whole time to them."

"Yes, yes; a resident governess, of course," mechanically answered Mrs. Chester.

What more might have been said was arrested by the entrance of the youngest child, his pinafore and mouth smeared with treacle. Clamoring for bread and treacle, Anna had given him a slice to keep him quiet. In the midst of eating it he had broken away, ungrateful boy, and rushed into the presence of Mrs. Chester. Dinah, who, had not got on her merino gown yet, or made herself tidy, came and carried him, kicking, away again. Mrs. Chester was depressed by the accident, and sat subdued.

"I think, madam, that if you carry your intention out, the better way will be for you to write to me as soon as you are ready to receive pupils," said Mr. Thornycroft. "I will then consider the matter further, and decide whether or not to send you my daughter. There is no great hurry, Miss Derod has not left us."

"You will not promise her to me?"

"I cannot do that, Mrs. Chester," was the answer, given with prompt decision. "Until I see that arrangements would be suitable, that the home would be in all respects desirable, I can say no more."

Mrs. Chester sighed inwardly, and felt from that moment she must resign hope—Miss Thornycroft and her liberal pay would not be for her. But she suffered nothing of this to appear, some latent aspiration might be lingering yet, and she rose up gayly and shook Mr. Thornycroft's hand in a warmth of satisfaction, and said the matter, left so, was all that was to be desired.

And then they took luncheon—Mrs. Chester, Lady Ellis, Mr. and Miss Thornycroft. Some fruit was set out on the lawn afterwards, and coffee was to follow. Lady Ellis did the honors of the garden to Mr. Thornycroft, nothing loth; walking up this path with him, down that; halting to sit on this rustic bench, entering that shady bower. A very charming woman, thought Justice Thornycroft.

Miss Thornycroft was left to the companionship of Mrs. Chester. And that young young lady, with the freedom she was accustomed to make known her wishes at home, asked that Anna Chester might join them.

"I promised Mrs. Copp to take word back of her welfare, and what sort of a girl she was," said Mary Anne. "How can I do so unless I see her?"

With outward alacrity and inward wrath, Mrs. Chester disappeared for a moment, and sent a private telegram to Anna that she was to dress herself and come out. In five minutes the girl was with them. She came with the coffee. Her black silk dress (made out of one of Mrs. Chester's old ones,) was pretty; her face was flushed with its refined delicate color, her brown eyes sparkled with their soft brilliancy, her chestnut hair was smooth and pretty. Essentially a lady was Anna now. Justice Thornycroft, coming up then for the coffee with Lady Ellis, took her hands in his and held her before him.

"My dear, I can trace in you a great likeness to your father. It is just the same refined, patient face."

Ere the words were well spoken, the brown eyes were wet, the sweet lips were quivering. The loss of her father, so intensely loved, had been Anna's great grief in life. A chance reminiscence, such as this, was more than she could bear.

"Did you know papa?" she asked, looking bravely up through the tears.

"I knew a little of him many years ago, and I once or twice saw your mother. You must come and pay us a visit at Coastdown."

A glad light in the gentle face.

"I should like it very much, sir. Mrs. Copp has already invited me to go to them; but I cannot be spared."

"You must be spared; I should like you to come," spoke Mary Anne, imperiously, with the tone of one who is not accustomed to have her slightest wish disputed. But the waiting coffee and Mrs. Chester turned off the subject.

The clock was striking five when the punctual groom appeared with the carriage. Down it came with grand commotion, its fine horses fresh after their rest, and stopped at the gate. The whole party escorted Mr. and Miss Thornycroft to it: Mrs. Chester and Anna, the children, tidy now and on tolerable behavior, Lady Ellis and her fascination. Promises of future friendly intercourse were exchanged. Mr. Thornycroft gave a positive undertaking to drive over again and spend another day, and they took their places in the carriage. Away went the horses in a cantor, rather restive; the justice, restraining them, had enough to do to raise his hat in farewell salutation; the groom had a run ere he could gain his seat behind. And they started on their long drive of three-and-twenty miles.

At the same moment, appearing from an opposite quarter, came Mr. and Mrs. Lake and Elizabeth on their return from Katterley. They were near enough to see the carriage go swiftly off, but not to distinguish its inmates. Mrs. Chester and the rest waited for them at the gate.

"Have you had visitors, Penelope?" asked Mr. Lake.

"Yes. And very cross and contrary I felt it that you were not here," continued Mrs. Chester, who was proud of her good-looking brother. "It is Mr. Thornycroft and his daughter—they have been with us ever since twelve o'clock. To think that you were away! I am sure Clara would have liked Miss Thornycroft."

To think that they were away!—that the two ladies spoken of did not meet! One of them at least would deem it a chance missed, a singular fact, in the years to come.

CHAPTER VII.

GOING FISHING.

A chilly evening. The hot days of August have passed away; this is October, and the night is turning out raw and misty. But in Mrs. Chester's house warmth and light reign, at least in the inhabited rooms of it.

In one of them, a moderate-sized, comfortable apartment, whose windows opened to the ground, the large fire had burned down to a red glow, after rendering the atmosphere unpleasantly warm; and a lady, seated in a lounging chair, had pushed it quite back, so that she was in the shade both from the light and the fire. A look of perplexity, of care, sat on her face, young and lovely though it was; even in her hands, as they lay listless on her lap, there was an air of abandonment. But that the room was growing dusk and dim in the autumn twilight, that sadness might not have been suffered to show itself, although she was alone.

It was Clara Lake. Her thoughts were buried in a painful retrospect—the retrospect of only the two past months. They had brought grief to her; as the summer did to the unhappy girl, told of in that beautiful ballad Anna Chester sometimes sung, "The Banks of Allan Water."

Had any one warned Clara Lake the previous August, when she came to Mrs. Chester's for a two days' visit, that the sojourn would not be one of days but months, she had simply disbelieved it. Even when the term was extended to a proposed fortnight—a fortnight in all—she would have laughed at the idea of staying longer. But she had stayed. She was here still. Nevertheless, things had so turned out; all easily and naturally, as it seemed, to look back upon. As it seemed to her now, sitting in her chair, and tracing the course of past events.

The alteration in their house at Katterley, as proposed by Mr. Lake, and which was to be completed in ten days or a fortnight, was begun in due course—the throwing out of the dining-room by means of a bay window. He and his wife went over one day to see the progress of the work. It was then suggested—whether by the builder, by her husband, by herself, or by all three jointly, Clara could not to this hour recollect—that, to make a complete job of it, the window in the chamber above should also be thrown out. The additional expense would be comparatively little, the improvement great; and it was agreed to on the spot. Orders were also given for the drawing-room and their own chamber to be painted, repapered, and decorated.

"Won't it take a long time?" Clara suddenly asked.

"About a month, if they work well; certainly not more," replied Mr. Lake.

He must have known little of workmen, to speak so confidently. Builders, carpenters, painters, decorators, are not famous for working themselves thin through overhurry. The popular saying, "If once you get them into your house, you never get them out," seemed to be exemplified in this one instance. Here was October come in, and Katterley Lodge was as far off being ready for reception as ever.

It would have been a slight grievance, the detention, to Mr. and Mrs. Lake—not any, in fact, to him—for Mrs. Chester's house was an agreeable one, and they had no home ties; but Lady Ellis was making the stay insupportable to Mr. Lake's wife.

Tolerably young, showy, very handsome according to the taste of many, exacting attention, living but in admiration, and not scrupulous how she obtained it provided she got it, Lady Ellis had begun to cast her charming toils on the careless and attractive Robert Lake in the very first hour of their meeting. Not to eat him up; not intending certainly to be eaten herself; only to be her temporary slave, pour fair passer le tempts. In that dull country house, where there was no noise or excitement but what arose from its children, Lady Ellis wanted something to make the time pass.

Mr. Lake was perfectly ready to meet her half-way. One of those men who, wife or no wife, consider a flirtation with a pretty woman—and with one not pretty, for the matter of that—a legitimate occupation in their idle life, he responded to her advances gallantly. Neither of them had any idea of plunging into shoals and quicksands; let us so far give both, their due. A rather impressive clasp of the hand; a prolonged walk in the glowing beauty of the summer's

day; an interchange of confidential talk, meaning nothing—that was the worst thought of by either. But then, you see, the mischief is, that when once these things are fairly embarked in, the course entered upon and its midway post reached, down you glide, swimmingly, unwittingly; and it is an exceedingly difficult matter to turn back. Good chance (to call it so here,) generally sends the opportunity, but it is not always seized upon.

The flirtation began. There were walks in the morning sun, shady garden chairs for rest at noontide, lingerings in the open air by twilight, that grateful hour after a sultry day. There were meetings indoors, meeting out; singing, talking, netting, idling. Mr. Lake went fishing, his favorite pastime just now, and my Lady Ellis would carry his luncheon to him; or stroll down later, wait until the day's sport was at an end, and stroll home with him. One or other of the children was often with her, serving to satisfy the requisites of propriety, had friends been difficult.

None were so. For a whole month this agreeable life went on, and nobody gave it a care or a thought. Certainly Clara did not. She was accustomed to see her husband's light admiration given to others; never yet had a suspicion crossed her mind that he had more than admiration to give. That his love was exclusively hers, to be hers forever, she believed in as fully as she believed in heaven.

Well, the month passed, August, and September was entered upon. The flirtation (to call it so for want of a better word), had grown pretty deep. The morning walks were frequent; the noontide restings were confidential, the twilight lingerings were prolonged to starlight. The songs became duets, the conversation whispers; the netting was as often in his hands as hers, and the silk purse did not progress. Mr. Lake drove Lady Ellis out in the stylish little open carriage, conveniently made for two persons and no more, that he was fond of hiring at Guild. One day Fanny Chester went with them; my lady's dress got crushed, and of course the inconvenience could not be allowed to occur again. Twice a week she rode with him, requiring very much of his care in the open country, for she said she was a timid horsewoman. In short, they had plunged into a whirligig round of days that was highly agreeable to the two concerned.

Sharp-eyed Mrs. Chester—nearly as sharp as Lady Ellis herself, but more honest—saw quite well what was going on. "Don't you go and make a fool of yourself with that woman, Robert!" she said to him one day, which sent Mr. Lake into a fit of laughter. He thought himself just the last man to do it. And on went the time again.

Imperceptibly—she could not remember how or when it first arose—a shade of annoyance, of vexation, stole upon Mrs. Lake. Her husband was always with Lady Ellis; except at meals and at night, he was never with her; and she began to think it was not quite right that it should be so. Crafty Mrs. Chester—honest enough in the main, but treacherous in this one matter—was on thorns lest Clara should take alarm and cause an outbreak; which would not have done at all. She did what she could to keep alarm off, and would have to reconcile it to her conscience in later days. Mr. and Mrs. Lake paid her well, and that was also a consideration.

"Clara, dear, it is good of your husband to help me," she would say, or words similar. "He has never been a true brother to me until now. Were it not for him I am sure Lady Ellis would die of ennui in this place. He keeps her amused for me, doing what he can to make her days pass pleasantly. I shall be ever thankful to him."

Once, and once only, Clara went to the fishing stream after them. It was a mile and a half away, the one they had gone fishing in that day. They! Lady Ellis had a costly little rod now, bought for her by Mr. Lake, and went with him. Clara, having nothing better to do in the afternoon, uneasily conscious of the advent of incipient jealousy arising in her heart, thought she would join the party. Her husband had never asked her to do so at any time; upon her hinting that she should like to fish too, he had stopped the idea at once: "No, she would be too fatigued." Mrs. Lake, it was true, was not strong; heat and fatigue knocked her up. Mrs. Chester had been crafty from the first. One day in the early stage of the affair, seeing her husband and Lady Ellis sitting together in the shade at noontide, Clara was innocently stepping out at the window to sit too, when Mrs. Chester interposed to prevent it. "Good gracious, Clara! don't go stealing out like that. They may think you want to hear what they are saying—out of jealousy." And the word "jealousy" only caused an amusing laugh to Clara Lake then; but she remained indoors. Well, on this afternoon, she started for the stream, taking Master James Chester in her hand. Master James abandoned her *en route*, going off on his own devices, and she was alone when she reached them. A deliciously shady place she found it; the chance passers-by beyond the trees at the back few and far between. Both were sitting on the bank, attending to their lines, which were deep in the water. They looked round with surprise, and Lady Ellis was the first to speak.

"Have you come to look after us, Mrs. Lake?"

Innocent words, sufficiently courteous in themselves, but not in the tone with which they were spoken. There was a mocking under-current in it, implying much; at least, Clara fancied so, and it brought the red flush of shame to her cheeks. Open, candid, ultra-refined herself, to spy upon others would have been against her very nature. It seemed to her that in that light she was looked upon, as a spy, and inwardly resolved not to intrude again.

James Chester made his appearance in the course of time, and Clara set off home with him. They asked her to stay until the sport was at an end; her husband pressed it; but she could not get over that tone, and said she would walk very quietly on, that they might overtake her. Master James went off as before, and Clara thought of the interview. "There was no harm; there can be none; they were only fishing," she murmured to herself. "What a stupid thing I was!"

"Where's Jemmy?" asked Mrs. Chester, coming forth to meet her.

"I'm sure I can't tell. He ran away from me both in going and returning. It was not my fault. He does not mind anybody a bit, you know."

"Why did you not wait to come home with Robert and Lady Ellis?"

"I don't know. I wanted to get back, for one thing; I was tired. And I don't much think Lady Ellis liked my going."

"My dear Clara, you must not take up vague fancies," spoke Mrs. Chester, after a pause. "One would think you were growing jealous, as the boys and girls do. Nothing can be in worse taste for a lady, even when there may be apparent grounds for it. In this case the very thought would be absurd; Lady Ellis is ten years older than your husband."

And so, what with one thing and another, Clara was subdued to passive quietness, and Mr. Lake and Lady Ellis had it all their own way. But her suspicions that they were growing rather too fond of each other's company had been aroused, and she naturally, perhaps unconsciously, watched, not in the unfounded fancy of an angry woman, a jealous wife, but in the sick fear of a loving one. She saw the flirtation (again I must apologize for the name) grow into sentiment, if not to passion; she saw it lapse into concealment—which is a very bad sign. And now that October had come in and was passing, Clara Lake's whole inward life was one scene of pain, of conflict, of wild jealousy preying upon her very heart-strings. She had loved her husband with all the fervor of a deeply imaginative nature; had believed in him with the perfect trustingness of an innocent-hearted, honest English girl.

She sat in her chair there in the drawing-room, drawn away from the fire's heat, her eyes fixed on vacancy, her pretty hands lying weary. What was that heat compared to the heat that raged within, the mind's fever?

"If it could but end!" she murmured to herself; "if we could but go back to our home at Katterley!"

Strange to say—and yet perhaps not strange, for the natural working out of a course of events is often hidden to the chief actor in it—the dream and its superstitious dread had faded away from Clara's memory. Of course she had not forgotten the fact; whenever she thought of it, as she did at odd times, its features presented themselves to her as vividly as ever. But the dread of it was gone. When day succeeded day, week succeeded week, bringing no appearance of any tragic end for her, accident or else, that could put her into a hearse, the foreboding fear quite subsided. Besides, Clara Lake looked upon the accident to the railway-train that Sunday night as the one that would have killed her had she only been in it. So the dream and its superstition had become as a thing of the past.

Lonely, dispirited, unusually low, felt she this afternoon. Mr. Lake had gone over in the morning to Katterley to see how their house was progressing, and she began to wonder that he was not back. They had taken dinner early that day, and Lady Ellis had disappeared after it. When Mr. Lake was away she would invariably go up to her room after dinner, saying she had letters to write. Shrewd Fanny Chester, taking after her quick mother, said my lady went up to get a nap, not to write. Mrs. Chester was in the nursery, where she had a dressmaker at work, making clothes for her children; Anna was helping; and Clara was alone.

It may as well be mentioned that the mystery attaching to the cause of the railway accident had not been solved yet. The coroner and jury had met regularly once a fortnight since, and as regularly adjourned the inquest. In the teeth of Colonel West's most positive testimony, it was impossible to bring in a verdict against Cooper, the driver; in the teeth of Oliver Jupp's it was equally impossible to exonerate him. No other witnesses, save the parties interested, appeared to have seen the lights that night. The public were fairly nonplussed, the coroner and jury sick to death of the affair. The young person now working for Mrs. Chester, was Cooper's sister.

The red embers were fading down nearly to blackness, when Fanny Chester came bursting into the room to Clara in her rather boisterous manner. Clara aroused herself, glad perhaps, of the interruption to her thoughts.

"Is it you, Fanny! Where are they all, dear?"

"Mamma's at work in the nursery. She's running the seams, and showing Miss Cooper how she wants the bodies cut. Anna's there too. Have you seen Uncle Robert?"

"Uncle Robert is not back yet, Fanny."

"Yes he is," replied the young lady, who at all times was fond of her own opinion.

"You are mistaken," said Clara. "He would have come in to me the first thing."

"But I saw him. I saw him in the garden ever so long ago. Lady Ellis was with him. They were at the back there walking towards the shrubbery."

Indisputable testimony; and Clara Lake could have bitten her tongue for saying "He would have come to me the first thing," although her audience consisted only of a child. Mr. Lake was to have brought her some book from home that he had forgotten the previous time; she was ardently longing for it, and thought he would at least have come straight to her and delivered it.

"Will you please reach me one of those old newspapers up there," proceeded Fanny. "Mamma sent me for it. She wants to cut a pattern."

Giving the child the newspaper she asked for, Mrs. Lake shut the door after her and drew to the window, her heart beating rebelliously. "So he was back over so long ago, and solacing himself with the sweet companionship of Lady Ellis." As she stood there, looking out on the darkening gloom—fit type of the gloom within—Clara asked herself the serious question, Was this constant seeking of each other's society but the result of accident; of a nonsensical liking which meant really nothing, and would pass away; or was it that they were really in love with each other, and *she* losing her place in her husband's heart?

An impulse—a wild impulse—which she could not restrain, and perhaps did not try to, led her to open the glass doors and step out: some vague feeling in her unhappy mind making itself heard amidst the inward tumult of wishing to see with her own eyes whether the child's information was true. It might not have been her husband; it might have been the curate, or Oliver Jupp, or that big Mr. Winterton, all of whom were fond of coming and of walking with Lady Ellis when they got the chance; and she would go and see. Pretty sophist! Poor Clara knew in her inmost heart that it was Robert Lake, and no other: instinct told her so. Had she given herself a moment's time for reflection, she would probably not have gone. To an honorable nature—and Clara Lake's was essentially such—the very idea of looking after even a recreant husband is abhorrent. But jealousy is the strongest passion that can assail the human heart, whether of man or woman. Under its influence we do not stop to raise questions of expediency.

The raw fog pervading the air struck upon her with a chill as she came out of the heated room. She had nothing on but a thin muslin body, and shivered quite unconsciously. What cared she for the cold or the heat? Had she been plunged into a bath of ice she would not have felt it then. On she went, sweeping round the lawn in the dusky twilight; for it was not dark yet—keeping close to the trees, that their friendly shade might shelter her from chance eyes. Fanny Chester's words, going towards the shrubbery," serving for her guide unconsciously, she made for the same place.

Well, what did she find or see? Nothing very dreadful, taking it in the abstract; but quite enough to fan the jealous indignation of a wife, especially of one who *loves* her husband.

The shrubbery appeared to be empty; and Clara had gone half way down it, past one of its cross openings, when, from that very opening, sounds of voices and footsteps advancing struck upon her ear. Retreat was not expedient: they might see her pass; and she darted into a deep alcove the shrubs had been trained to make, before which ran a bench. Cowering almost into the very laurels, she stood there in sick fear. Never had she intended to get so near, and almost wished for the earth to open and bury her alive rather than she should be seen. Her heart beating with a wild shame, as if she had been caught in some great crime, there she had to stay.

On they came in their supreme unconsciousness, turning into the shrubbery, and alas! towards the verdant alcove. Clara's eyes were strained to look, and her poor breath came in gasps.

They were arm-in-arm; and Mr. Lake held one of my lady's hands, lightly toying with its fingers. He was speaking in low, tender tones—the same tones, which had been given to *her* before their marriage, and had won her heart for ever. What he was saying she could not, in her agitation, tell—but as they were passing her, going from the house, you understand, not to it, Lady Ellis spoke.

"Robert, it is getting dark and cold."

Robert! Had she known his wife was listening! It might have made no difference.

"The dark will not hurt you," he said, louder. "You are with me."

"But it is damp also. Indeed, since I returned from India, I feel both the damp and cold very much."

She spoke in a timid, gentle tone; as different from her natural tones, as different from those she used to any *but* him, as can well be imagined. That she had set herself out to gain his love seemed a sure fact. How far Lady Ellis contemplated going, or Mr. Lake either, and what they may have anticipated would be the final upshot, how or where it was to end, was best known to themselves. Let it lie with them.

"There's a shawl of yours, I think, Angeline, in the summer-house. Sit you there while I get it."

He left her on the bench, behind which his wife was standing: they touched each other within an inch or two. Clara drew in her breath, and wished the earth *would* open. Lady Ellis began a scrap of song, as if she did not like being alone in the darkness. Her voice, whether in singing or speaking, was loud and shrill, though she modified it for Mr. Lake. An antediluvian sort of song: goodness knows where she could have picked it up. Perhaps the stars, beginning to twinkle above, suggested its recollection to her.

"As many bright stars as appeared in the sky,
As many young lovers were caught by my eye;
And I was a beauty then, oh then,
And I was a beauty then.

"But now that I'm married, good what, good what!
I'm tied to a proud and fantastical fop,
Who follows another and cares for me not.

"But when I'm a widow, I'll live at my ease—
I'll go all about, and I'll do as I please;
And take care how I marry again, again;
And take care how I marry again."

She had time to sing the three stanzas through, repeating the last line of the first and third verses as a refrain.

Mr. Lake came back swinging the shawl on his arm—a warm, gray woollen one.

"All right at last, Angeline. I could not find it, and had to strike a fuse for a light. It had slipped behind the seat. I began to think you must have carried it away today."

"I did not know it was there," she answered.

"Don't you remember throwing it off last evening when we were sitting there, saying you felt hot? Now be quiet: I'll wrap you up myself. Have you any pins?"

She had risen, and he put the shawl on her head and shoulders; then turned her round and pinned it under her chin, so that only her face was visible. With such care!—oh, with such care!

"You are taking as much trouble as though I were going to stay out for an hour!"

"I wish we were."

"Do you? What would your wife say?"

"Nothing. And if she did—what then? There, you can't feel the cold now."

"No; I don't think I can."

"But what am I to have for my pains?"

She made no answer. In truth, he did not wait for it. Bending his own face on the one he held up, he left a kiss and a loving word upon it: "My dearest!" A long and passionate kiss, as it sounded in his wife's ear.

Lady Ellis, perhaps not prepared for so demonstrative a proceeding, spoke a rebuke. He only laughed. They moved away; he retaining his arm around her for a lingering moment, as though to keep the shawl in its place; and their voices were dropped again to a soft sweet whisper, that scarcely disturbed the stillness of the murky autumn night.

Very different from the tone of that wail—had any been near to note it—when Clara Lake left her hiding-place; a low wail, as of a breaking heart, that came forth and mingled with the inclement evening air.

Some writer has remarked—and I believe it was Bulwer Lytton, in his "Student"—that to the vulgar there is but one infidelity in love. It is perfectly true; but I think the word "vulgar" is there misplaced, unless we may apply it to all, whether inmates of the palace or the cottage, whose temperament is not of the ultra-refined. *Ultra*-refined, mind! they of the sensitive, proud, impassioned nature, whose inward life, its thoughts, its workings, can never be betrayed to the world, any more than they themselves can be understood by it. Alas for them! They are hardly fit to dwell on this earth, to do battle with its sins and its cares; for their spirit is more exalted than is well; it may be said, more etherealised. The gold too much refined, remember, is not adapted for general use. That the broad, vulgar idea conveyed by the word infidelity, is not their infidelity, is very certain. It is the unfaithfulness of the spirit, the wandering of the heart's truth to another, that constitutes infidelity for them; and where such comes, it shatters the heart's life as effectually as a blast of lightning shatters the tree it falls on. *This* was the infidelity that wrought the misery of Clara Lake; that other infidelity, whether it was or was not to have place in the future, she barely glanced at. Her husband's love had left her; it was given to another; and what mattered aught else? The world had closed to her; never again could she have, as it seemed, any place in it. Henceforth life would be a mockery.

She returned shivering to the house—not apparently with the cold from without, but from the chill within—entering by the glass doors. The fire was nearly out; it wanted stirring and replenishing. She never saw it, never noticed it; but crept up-stairs to her own room to hide herself. We cannot follow her; for you may not doubt that the quarter of an hour she stopped in it she had *need* to be alone, away from the wondering eyes of men.

Only a quarter of an hour. Clara Lake was not one of your loud women, who like their wrongs to be proclaimed to the world, and punished accordingly. In her sensitive reticence, she dreaded their betrayal more than any earthly thing. So she rose from her knees, and lifted her head from the chair, where it had lain in utter abandonment of spirit, and smoothed her hair, and went out of her room again to disarm suspicion, and was her calm self once more. At that same moment, though she knew it not, Mr. Lake and Lady Ellis were slowly strolling across the grass to enter by the same glass doors, their promenade, which they had been taking up and down the broad walk since quitting the shrubbery, having come to a decorous end.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

☞ A sentiment was given, at a public dinner, to the navy, but as no one was present to respond to it, a lawyer was called upon. A wag present said, smiling—"Mr. Lawyer, give me leave to tell you that navy is not spelt with a K."

☞ "Julia, my dear," said old Professor H——, the other day, to his young and pretty wife, "when I die you will be rich; but if you ever so far forget me as to marry again, I will come from the grave to your bridal couch, and put my cold hand upon you." "Ah, do not fear, my dear husband," replied she, playfully, "*you will never live to see that.*" "I am delighted to hear you say so, my love," said the old man, abstractedly.

☞ A man recently went all the way from Cassville to Atlanta. On his return he looked solemn with the weight of garnered wisdom, and said, "If the world was as big t'other way as it was that, it was a whopper!"

☞ A dog at Dubuque, Iowa, has saved the lives of four persons, and has the unmuzzled "freedom of the city" as a reward for his good services to humanity.

☞ A Southern paper is opposed to the education of women as surgeons. It says that, suppose one were put under the influence of chloroform by such a doctor, "what is to prevent the woman from kissing you?"

☞ The Hartford bridegroom who courted eighteen years, is reported to have said that he felt pretty well acquainted with the girl, or he should not have got married.

☞ Oregon has restored specie payments. The taxes are to be paid in gold and silver.

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☞ A number of wealthy gentlemen, A. T. Stewart, Hamilton Fish, Mr. Aspinwall, &c., have purchased General Grant's house and furniture in Washington, for $65,000, and presented them, with about $35,000 in cash besides, to General Sherman. "Let good things go round."

CLARKE'S NEW METHOD for Melodeons and Reed Organs. Just published. A comprehensive system of instruction, and an improvement on all other methods for the simplicity and progressive character of its studies, exercises, scales, voluntaries, and recreative pieces—containing an admirable selection of choice pieces of every grade of difficulty, from favorite and popular authors; adopting for Reed Organs the system so successfully carried out for the Piano-Forte in "Richardson's New Method" for the latter instrument. Arranged expressly for Cabinet, American, Metropolitan, Prince & Co., Carhart & Needham, Burdett, Estey, and all other Reed Organs; also for the Melodeon and Harmonium. By William H. Clarke, author of "The American Organ Instructor." Price in boards $2.50. Sent, post-paid,

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☞ In a "Wine Case" on trial in a New Orleans court, the counsel, judge and witness consumed about twenty bottles of wine in *tasting* the different varieties.

FREE! FREE! FREE!—250 Photographs of distinguished men and beautiful women mailed for 25 cents, or sample of 50 for two stamps. Address ELB. THORNTON,
mar13-6m Hoboken, New Jersey.

☞ A Cincinnati genius advertises for a situation, saying that "Work is not so much an object as good wages."

Communication from Mr. Lincoln.

A Washington correspondent of the Commonwealth writes—During the seances of the Davenport brothers, recently, in this city, and since the presentation of Mrs. Lincoln's petition for a pension, some unsanctified person represents that he received a communication from what purported to be the spirit of the martyr-President (but which was doubtless some evil spirit falsely assuming to speak in his name) in which he declared that he laid up no resentment against the assassin who took his life, for Mary would probably have killed him before long, if Booth hadn't! This story is, if possible, worse than that other one which they tell of the spirit of the late Professor Webster, namely, that, on being interrogated as to his occupation in the spirit-world, he replied that he was keeping a hotel; and on being asked further how he prospered in that line, said that he should probably be doing a pretty good business but for the fact that Dr. Parkman was boarding with him on the old score.

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☞ Champagnes and other sparkling wines have to pass through the tropics to reach California, and it is asserted that during the voyage the gases undergo so great an expansion as to force out the contents of the bottles past the cork and tin foil. Out of 150 cases, purporting to contain a dozen quart bottles of champagne each, recently imported by a San Francisco house, it was found that in thirty-four cases the wine had almost wholly escaped, leaving the corks and fastenings intact.

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☞ John Adams was remarkable as an early riser, as a great smoker, and as a lover of cider. It was common with him to rise at three or four o'clock in the morning, and read, smoke, and drink cider for one or two hours before the rest of the family was stirring. When he went out to dine, he was never at ease unless he had with him his own pewter-plate to eat from. It was his invariable custom to take the latter article with him wherever he went.

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☞ The name of the Spanish Parliament is spelt Cortes, not Cortez—and it is masculine and plural, and means States, and therefore not to be followed by "is," except in the language of such persons as say Sugars is riz. While in Spain, let us demand why people say they are going to the Al Hambra, any more than they would say they have been reading the Al Koran—*al* simply signifying *the* in both cases.

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Full particulars free. Address
mar13-tf W. A. HENDERSON & CO., Cleveland, Ohio.

☞ Henry Ward Beecher made $40,000 last year, of which $12,000 was made by preaching, and $28,000 otherwise.

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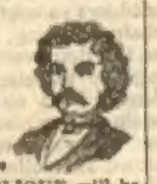

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WIT AND HUMOR.

Anecdote of the King of Bavaria.

The following anecdote is related as having occurred within the last few weeks. King Louis of Bavaria, not only holds the dramatic art in high esteem, but has a great liking for the society of performers. On the day Madame Cramer completed her fiftieth year on the stage, the king gave her a benefit, and after the performance, the other actors and actresses entertained her. The king hearing of this, took it into his head to surprise them by his unexpected presence. Madame Cramer, whose back was turned towards the door, could not of course see the king enter the room. The king stepped quietly up to her, and put his hands over her eyes, and said: "Guess who it is!" "Ah!" said Madame Cramer, "you again, Monsieur L——? you certainly do imitate the king most delightfully." "Oh, does he?" said the somewhat astonished king. "I should rather like to see the performance. Go on, Monsieur L——, and let me judge for myself of the truthfulness of the imitation." "I trust your majesty will excuse me," replied the abashed actor. But the king persisted in his demand, and after several refusals he added, "I desire it, and the king commands it." The actor bowed and took his seat at a little table, and called out in a voice which was an exact imitation of the king's:—"Desire my private councillor, Riedl, to come to me. "Very good indeed!" exclaimed the king. "What does your majesty want?" asked the actor, speaking through his nose. "Capital!" exclaimed the king, laughing; "you imitate my councillor even better than you did me; you are an excellent comedian, as Madame Cramer said." "Riedl," continued the actor, "be sure you send to-morrow two hundred florins to Monsieur L——! he is a deserving fellow—a better mimic I never heard." "Scamp!" exclaimed the king, laughing, "enough of that performance; you shall have the two hundred florins, but I shall take care not to ask you for a repetition of it."

The Legal Potato Hole.

Near the beginning of the present century, a farmer, of broken fortune, came into Westerley, Rhode Island, and hired certain lands for cultivation, giving a portion of the products for the use of the lands. He planted potatoes and secured an unusual crop. Not having store-room of his own, he obtained consent of a landholder and deposited his share of the potatoes in what the farmers call a "potato hole,"—that is, an excavation in the earth into which the potatoes were placed and covered with straw and earth in the form of a pyramid. On going out of the town into Connecticut, one of his creditors seized the opportunity, procured a writ and attached the "potato hole," whereupon another creditor, who was studying how to secure his dues, consulted with John Cross, Esq., and inquired what could be done.

The shrewdness of the legal professor at once suggested an open door. Mr. Cross made the proposition and proceeded to carry it into effect. A writ was issued by which an attachment was made not upon the "potato hole," but upon the "potatoes" in the "potato hole," specifying that the "potato hole" should be left upon the land where it was found. The plan was a success, and the first creditor came upon the stage only to find few potatoes in his hill.

Anecdote of Hogg.

One day, walking near Convent Garden, an Irish laborer fancied Hogg had pushed him, and turned upon the young Oxonian, who was alone, with such angry abuse as brought a number of bystanders to witness what promised to be a row. Hogg turned upon the Irishman and said, with calm severity:

"I have put my hand into the hamper; I have looked upon the sacred barley; I have eaten out of the drum; I have drunk, and was well pleased; I have said *konx ompax*, and it is finished!"

The Irishman, thoroughly mystified and appeased, said, "Have you, sir?"

A woman in the crowd said, "Now, Pat, what have you been drinking?"

Others in the crowd called out, "What is it Paddy has had?" while Hogg turned solemnly away, leaving the bewildered Irishman to get out of the scrape as he best could, and to reflect how a bit of an old fragment of Orpheus still preserved its alleged power to soften the brute beast.

Not Married.

In one of the courts, a few days since, a very pretty young lady appeared as a witness. Her testimony was likely to result unfavorably for the client of a pert young lawyer, who addressed her very superciliously with the inquiry:

"You are married, I believe."

"No, sir."

"Oh! only about to be married?"

"No, sir."

"Only wish to?"

"Really I don't know. Would you advise such a step?"

"Oh, certainly! I am a married man myself."

"Is it possible? I never should have thought it. Is your wife blind or deaf?"

It is scarcely necessary to add, that the discomfitted attorney did not vouchsafe a reply.

Advantages of Playing Poker.

A story is told of McKean Buchanan, who is said to be one of the finest "poker" players in the world. While in Australia a few years since, Mr. Buchanan had a thrifty, speculative agent, who took the money at the door and generally kept it. The tragedian couldn't well afford to dispense with the man's services for so trifling a matter, so he artfully inoculated the speculative agent with this game of poker, which is said to be extremely fascinating, and when the agent had captured all the money at night, Mr. Buchanan would skillfully and unfailingly win it all away from him during the next day. In this manner Mr. Buchanan redressed wrong, killed time, and introduced this singular and attractive game into the most remote corners of the civilized globe.

☞ Politeness is a good investment, but bowing to a lamp-post at midnight is wasted capital. Lamp-posts don't care to be bothered at such late hours.

☞ If you are not the head or tail of a donkey, what are you? No end of a donkey.

☞ Beware of too sanguine dependence upon future expectations.

BARBER.—"Shall I do anything to your whiskers?"

A Presentation at the French Court.

Donn Piatt, in Harper's Magazine, thus describes the first presentation of a lot of Americans in Paris to the French Emperor, by Mr. Mason, who was the just arrived American Minister:—

I know of no shock more positively disagreeable than one's first view of Louis Napoleon on foot, and near enough for accurate criticism. He sits tall, and in carriage, or on horseback, appears at his best. But on foot his short, thin legs, and long body, make up an awkward figure, below the medium height; and one looks in vain at the retreating forehead, weak chin, narrow, drooping shoulders and broad hips for any of the well-known and distinctive marks of the Buonaparte family. One gazed hopelessly into the dull, glazed eyes, that have an unpleasant resemblance to those of a diseased mackerel, at his red-bottle nose, and retreating chin to find evidences of intellect and character. He was dressed on this occasion in tight breeches that showed to a disadvantage his short, slender legs, while the close-fitting coat was so clumsy that it suggested concealed armor. He strove evidently to hide a slight limp, the origin of which I have never heard explained.

The English presentation came at last to an end, and Mr. Mason's task began. Remembering the name of his first victim he succeeded, without blunder, in making the American Muggins and the Third Napoleon acquainted with each other. But with the next our Minister came to a full stop. He could not remember the name, and the poor man tried in vain by a stage whisper to communicate the magic word. The Emperor waited with that calm indifference which is far more aggravating than any expression of impatience. He waited without result, and he might have so waited an indefinite time, for the wretched man whose introduction stopped the way suddenly grew red in the face, and lost all power of articulation. Judge Mason saw apoplexy before him, when relief came in the shape of a happy idea that struck his diplomatic brain. Stepping back a few paces he exclaimed:

"I have the honor to introduce your Majesty to all these good people. They are all Americans."

This mode of presenting, by platoon, was new to his Majesty aforesaid; but accepting the situation, he withdrew a few paces, so as to take in the entire line, and then began his usual speech on such occasions:

"You have done me a great compliment, ladies and gentlemen, by coming so far to visit my court. You come from a great country. I remember your country—I was once there myself—"

At this point a tall, awkward New Englander, looking at the court thus referred to through a pair of gold-rimmed spectacles, thought it about time to say something to relieve the general sense of restraint, and so cried out, in a very insinuating, soothing, though rather nasal, tone:

"And we were very glad to have you among us, your Majesty."

A burly gentleman, full of conceit, and gorgeously decorated with a medal some enthusiastic fire company had presented him, indignant that any other than himself should presume to speak, added, in a loud voice:

"And we hope soon to see you there again, your Majesty."

The proposition, made so heartily, to resume travels once more that had proven so mean and miserable, disconcerted his Imperial Majesty to such an extent that he abruptly terminated the review, by gathering up his side-arms and going off almost at a canter.

Home Life in Paris.

The home life of Paris is a thing with which few Americans become acquainted. The ordinary tourist, who rushes about from one Continental city to another, in the headlong manner for which Americans are celebrated, returns to his native land with no more idea of the interior life of the Parisian than he would have if he had never been there. Indeed, he not unfrequently jumps to the conclusion that there is no home life in Paris at all. He sees so many people outdoors so continually—sitting on the iron chairs, reading, in the Champs Elysees, and on the Boulevards, and everywhere thronging the streets, gayly attired, and so evidently bent on pleasure, recreation, not business—so many ladies, so many children, so many servants—a never-intermitting crowd of strollers and gazers, unmistakably French—that it is no wonder he concludes the people of Paris live out of doors, take their meals at restaurants, and go only under a roof at bed-time.

It is true that the French have a never-faltering faith in the beneficence of the open air. In pleasant weather, no French mother permits her children to remain indoors. Outdoors is the place for children, say the Parisians; and out they go, early in the morning, accompanied by nurse, and out they stay till the daylight is done and the darkness falls (or as much darkness as ever falls on the brightly-lighted streets of Paris,) only coming in at meal-times for a brief *seance* about the family board.

It is true that the Parisian believes there is champagne in the air, and goes out whenever he can quaff it. But there are homes in Paris, and in those homes families bound together by ties as firm as those which hold kith and kin in any land.—*Olive Logan, in Putnam's Magazine.*

THE STRING TOKEN.

BY WILLIAM BARNES.

"If I am gone on, you will find a small string"—
Were her words—"on this twig of the oak by the spring."
Oh! gay are the new leaved trees in the spring,
Down under the height, where the skylark may sing;
And welcome in summer are tree-leaves that meet
On wide-spreading limbs, for a screen from the heat;
And fair in the fall-tide may flutter the few
Yellow leaves of the trees, that the sky may shine through,
But welcomer far than the leaves is the string
On the twig of the oak by the spring.

Whist at Court.

One day, at a pleasant country house, where Washington Irving and Bancroft were guests, the conversation, as was natural among three gentlemen who had all been foreign ministers, fell upon diplomatic life. Irving, with the sly twinkle in his eye, was soon telling comical incidents of his experience, when Everett, after listening with an air of great amusement, said: "One of the drollest incidents in my diplomatic life occurred at my presentation as United States Minister in England. I went to the palace by appointment with Lord Melbourne, feeling very uncomfortable in my official toggery, and found that the Neapolitan ambassador, the Prince Castelcicala, was to be presented at the same time. We were introduced to each other, and, after a proper interval, the official presentations to Her Majesty took place. When they were over (probably at Windsor) Lord Melbourne said: 'Your excellencies will be expected to remain, and in the evening join in a game of whist with the Duchess of Kent.' We bowed," continued Mr. Everett, "and Lord Melbourne added, 'I play a very poor game myself; in fact, I scarcely understand it; but the Duchess is very fond of it.' 'And I,' said the Prince Castelcicala, turning to me, 'I am a very poor player; and if I should chance to be your excellency's partner, I invoke your forbearance in advance.' We were all moving down the corridor toward the Duchess's apartments," said Mr. Everett, with a grave smile, "and it was very amusing to hear our mutual apologies and deprecations, especially as I remarked in my turn that I was not very familiar with the game. Here we were, three dignified personages in middle life, clad in extraordinary attire, and solemnly proceeding to play a game which we imperfectly understood, and for which we did not care in the least. When we reached the Duchess's apartments, she was seated at the table, and we were formally presented; and, at her gracious invitation, seated ourselves for the game. Just as we were beginning to play, a lady in waiting approached, and placed herself at the back of the Duchess's chair. The Duchess then turned to us, and said, politely: 'Your excellencies will excuse me if I rely upon the advice of my friend here, for I really am a very poor player.' It was inexpressibly droll," said Mr. Everett, "and it was a curious illustration of the ceremonial character of court life."

AGRICULTURAL.

Good Gardeners.

Of course every one understands that he who knows his business is the cheapest man to employ; yet when we look around us and see "gardening" *done*, we often wonder if this good principle is ever acted on in this branch of the public wants. We suppose the reason is, that the great public know nothing whatever of gardening practically; hence, a man is a man, and it would seem that the only thing to be done in making a first-class selection, is to higgle about the wages.

We are very sorry for the sake of gardening, that something cannot be done to distinguish the really good gardeners from the bad ones. As it is at present, too many good gardeners feel that the chances of any man, irrespective of his abilities, getting a situation, is as good as another that rather than compete with brazen-faced impudence they leave the profession for other fields. Hence it becomes exceedingly difficult to find good gardeners for good places at the time they are needed; and many gentlemen really capable of appreciating a good one, have to take so many poor ones, that they tire of gardening as a too troublesome luxury.

We happened to see a remarkable contrast recently between two gardeners in different places lifting large trees. It so happened that in both instances the ground had been filled up several feet, and the trees had to be elevated to the new surface. There was not much difference in the size of the trees—about 3 or 4 feet in circumference, and 25 to 30 feet high.

In one case the "gardener" had six men, and had accomplished a great deal of grubbing about the roots. He had erected a tall triangle of very heavy timbers, expensively bolted together for the occasion, and with block and tackle had all hands tugging away at the rope to see "if she wouldn't stir yet." The other gardener had but two men. He had dug a circle all round the tree three feet below the surface, and wide enough to work well. By the aid of a digging fork he very soon had the tree undermined and balanced on a slender column of earth. By the aid of a rope fast to the top of the tree, the latter, with its ball of roots, was easily drawn over to one side. A little earth was then thrown under, and then drawn back, so as to lean over on the contrary side, then more earth thrown under, and the tree drawn back again. This zigzag mode of leaning over, and gradually filling under was continued until the tree was *self-raised*, as it were, to the surface. In less than one day the job was finished, costing, we are quite sure, less than $5. When we saw the other the day was far spent, and it had not yet "riz." Our calculation was that some thirty dollars would be spent before the job was finished, with slim chances of life afterwards.

We have no doubt the same relative capacity for business is exemplified in all the gardening of both these men. The one is better worth $2,000 a year than the other is worth $200, yet we believe both these men have about the same wages. The good one is no more appreciated than the other would be. If the place were vacant, the latter would have as good a chance for it as any other one.

It is clear the only remedy for this state of things, is for gentlemen to inform themselves a little more as to what constitutes a good gardener. They already know that the best is by all odds the cheapest. When they are able to distinguish the genuine from the counterfeit, a great step towards true gardening will be made.

Five Rules for the Butter Maker.

1. Get your milk from rich old pastures, free of weeds. 2. Set the milk in a moist, pure air, and keep the heat of the room unchanged. 3. Churn the cream at 62 degrees. 4. Work out all the buttermilk without injuring the grain of the butter. 5. Mix the salt even, not over an ounce to the pound. Pack in oak or hemlock tubs. Refractory cream, says E. L. Bragdon, of Port Ontario, may be corrected by adding two ounces of dissolved alum to two pails of cream. There is a good story told of the daughters of Sir Thomas More. Their cream was very refractory. They took turns in churning, and repeated the 119th Psalm, to make the time pass. They got through the chapter before the butter came. If they had known about alum, they could have chosen a shorter psalm.—*American Agriculturist.*

LAWNS.—Grass lawns, newly made, must not be so closely mown as old turf; but mowing must be performed with regularity, or it is impossible to obtain a uniform velvety green surface. To mow close a well-established turf is to encourage the fine grasses and kill out the coarse kinds. Salt and plaster are good manures. Use at the rate of one bushel of plaster and three bushels of salt to the acre, and sow just before a rain.

RECEIPTS.

FISH SOUP.—Ingredients: Fish, carrots, onions, small shrimps (according to taste), thyme, laurel leaves, cloves, wine, sugar. If any fish is left from yesterday's dinner it will serve very well for soup. Brown some carrots and onions in butter, then add some shrimps (if possible), then put water, add thyme, laurel leaves, cloves, half a glass of white wine, if possible, and some sugar, and let it all boil. Then put the fish in, and let that boil a little time, if it has been cooked before; if not, put it in when you put the water. When it is well done, pour the whole over some slices of bread already placed in the tureen.

TO BOIL SALT SALMON.—Let is soak twelve hours, and boil slowly for two, when serve with drawn butter.

Salmon is nicely pickled thus: After boiling as above, cut it up in pieces four inches square, and put into a jar, and pour over it hot vinegar, in which a few whole grains of pepper and allspice have been boiled. Serve this cold for luncheon or tea. It will keep two weeks, if the weather is cool.

FRENCH LOAF CAKE.—Take one cup of butter, one cup and a half of sugar, beat to a cream; three eggs well beaten, cinnamon, cloves, allspice and nutmeg, one tea spoon of soda, two of cream of tartar, one cup of sweet milk, either wine or brandy, half pound of raisins, quarter pound of currants, and two cups and a half of flour—bake well.

TO COLOR EASTER EGGS.—Take several pieces of bright print, silk, or stuff, tack them together, and wind round the egg. Boil. When cold remove the pieces and it will appear like marble.

MOLASSES CANDY.—One quart of West India molasses, half a pound of brown sugar, the juice of a lemon. Put the molasses in a kettle with the sugar, boil it over a slow, steady fire, till it is done, which you can easily tell by dropping a little in cold water; if done it will be crisp, if not it will be stringy. A good way to judge if it is boiled enough, is to let it boil till it stops bubbling. Stir it very frequently, and just before it is taken off the fire, add the lemon juice. Butter a shallow tin pan, and pour it in to get cold. Molasses candy may be flavored with any thing you choose. Some flavor with lemon, and add roasted groundnuts, or almonds blanched.

THE RIDDLER.

Riddle.

My 1st is in snow, but not in hail,
My 2nd is in story, but not in tale;
My 3rd is in chapel, but not in shrine,
My 4th is in yours, but not in mine;
My 5th is in love, but not in hate,
My 6th is in soon, but not in late;
My 7th is in silly, but not in proud,
My 8th is in coffin, but not in shroud;
My 9th is in meadow, but not in field,
My 10th is in produce, but not in yield;
My 11th is in vespers, but not in mass,
My 12th is in flowers, but not in grass;
My 13th is in will, but not in deed,
My 14th is in plant, but not in seed;
My whole is a maxim.

GRACIE G——.

Algebraical Problem.

A merchant sold two boxes of goods for the same price. On one he *lost* as much *per cent.* as it cost, and on the other he *gained* as much *per cent.* as he sold it for. By the whole transaction he *lost* $20. What did each box cost him?

ARTEMAS MARTIN.

Franklin, Venango Co., Pa.

☞ An answer is requested.

Problem.

Suppose a body is projected vertically upward with a velocity of 257½ feet; after 4 seconds gravity ceases to act for 2 seconds, and is then doubled. Required to find the greatest height to which the body ascends? And its velocity when it returns to the point of departure?

MORGAN STEVENS.

☞ An answer is requested.

Problem.

In a triangle, having given the sides about the vertical angle 20 and 16 rods, and the line bisecting that angle and terminating in the base 12 rods, to find the base.

E. P. NORTON.

Allen, Hillsdale Co., Mich.

☞ An answer is requested.

Conundrums.

☞ Why is herb-soup the best of all soup? Ans.—It is *soup-herb* (superb.)

☞ Why is a flower out of season like an old coat? Ans.—It is seedy.

☞ When is an apple like a fish? Ans.—When it is a crab.

☞ Why is a swimming-bath like a cheap poultry-market? Ans.—You can have twenty ducks for threepence.

☞ When George IV. went angling, what bird was he like? Ans.—A kingfisher.

Answer to Last.

ENIGMA—England, Scotland, Ireland, and Wales. RIDDLE—"Dominus vobiscum," meaning, The Lord be with you.

Answer to W. H. Morrow's PROBLEM of Dec. 26th.—19, 18, 23, 5, and 100.—W. H. Morrow, J. M. Greenwood, S. M. Pickler, F. W. Cooper, J. Steele, W. J. Barrett, J. H. Drane, J. S. Phebus, and S. S. Knox.

Answer to A. Martin's PROBLEM of Jan. 2nd.—5-32.—A. Martin.

Answer to Delta's PROBLEM of same date.—Diameter of sphere 10 inches, height of segment thereof 2 inches.—D. Diefenbach, J. S. Phebus, J. M. Greenwood, and S. M. Pickler.

Answers to E. P. Norton's PROBLEM of same date.—135,000 square feet.—E. P. Norton. 27.8925619 acres.—J. M. Greenwood, S. M. Pickler. 1.61 acres, or 2.7 acres.—J. S. Phebus.

Answers to D. Diefenbach's PROBLEM of Jan. 9th.—In answering this question I regard the following points:—1st. That as the interest is due yearly, any interest remaining unpaid at the end of any of the respective years ending on June 4th, will then be added to the former principal, to run on interest again until the date of their payment. 2nd. That as *no* interest is due until the end of each successive year ending on June 4th, no other interest should be deducted from any payment made except such due on the previous 4th of June. With these considerations, I find the answer to the question to be $216 65 cents 9 mills, which is 34 cents and 1 mill more than the hereto annexed answer.—D. Diefenbach. The answer given to the Interest Problem of Jan. 9th, is, strictly speaking, the correct one. The difficulty usually found with it, I presume, is in considering the year 1820 a common year, while it is a leap year.—M. Howland, $216.183 plus—M. Stevens, J. S. Full, Alexander and Biddle, B. R. Sample, J. S. Read, G. R. Horn, A. H., E. W. Hack, H. S. Chapman, J. M. Greenwood, S. M. Pickler, J. S. Phebus, F. W. Cooper, $216.318 plus—S. S. Knox, E. Scarson, and J. N. Soders.—$216.19⅔—W. H. Morrow. $216.11. 3 mills—J. B. Smith. $216.31.80—Gill Bates. $216.233—H. Green. $216.25 plus—K. W. H. $216.37.8—W. T. Shotwell. $216.32 9—P. F. Jarrett. $215.328—S. E. Morgan. $216.14.9—F. M. Priest. $216.29.8 plus—J. Lesnet. $216.18.2 9-10 plus mills—S. Carey. $216.19.3—E. W. Palmer. $216.18.22—W. B. Mullins. $216.32 669-1000—C. H. C. $216.35.6—J. W. Davis. $216.16.3—R. Lewis. $216.23.3—J. Lincoln. $216.25.6—H. Peterson. $216.181—O. Stetson. $216.472—S. H. Joiner. $217.59.4—G. Huebner. $217.90.8 mills—W. L. Ramsey.

TO WASH CURTAINS.—A lady, in writing about the best method of washing lace curtains, says she always soaks them two or three days in warm water, by which process they are so much cleansed that very little rubbing is needful. All attempts to iron lace stretch it entirely out of shape. The curtains should be spread smoothly upon the floor of a spare room, clean sheets having been laid down, and allowed to remain until dry.

TO COLOR BUTTER.—For every four quarts of cream grate one middling sized carrot, pour on it a half pint of boiling water, let it stand until cool, and strain the liquor into the cream. It does not hurt the flavor.

☞ A BEAUTIFUL INDIAN SUPERSTITION.—Among the superstitions of the Senecas Indians is one of singular beauty. When a maiden dies they imprison a young bird until it first begins to try its power of song, and then, loading it with caresses, they loose it over her grave, in the belief that it will not fold its wings nor close its eyes until it has flown to the spirit land, and delivered its precious burden of affection to the loved and lost.